“Meanwhile, Back in the Jungle . . . ”

TANGANYIKA TALES

By Missionary,

DONNA HORNE

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DEDICATED LOVINGLY

TO MY PRECIOUS PARENTS,

C. W. AND WINNIE WHITAKER,
OF KERRVILLE, TEXAS,

"BECAUSE IT IS EASIER TO GO THAN TO SEND!"

WITH SPECIAL THANKS

TO

MY BELOVED HUSBAND, AL

AND

OUR FABULOUS FOUR,

LISA
LYNDA
STACEY
STEPHEN

AS WELL AS MY LOYAL BROTHER,
CHARLES MICHAEL WHITAKER,
OF LAKE JACKSON, TEXAS.

INTRODUCTION

Being a missionary myself to India, I have been interested in the Lord's work not only in that country, but I have also kept up with missionaries and their labors over the world during the past thirty years or more. One family that I had become acquainted with through the various gospel papers was the Al Hornes who now live in South Africa.

In more recent years, having extended our literature work to reach the masses throughout the world, I began to send packets of books to the Hornes in Benoni. Then in February of 1983 I made a trip to several countries in Africa to explore the possibility of expanding our printing there. During my stay in the Johannesburg area I met the Hornes and discussed our literature efforts with them and others.

In February of 1984 my wife and I returned to South Africa for further discussion of our plans to print literature in English and also some of the local languages of that country. Again we met Brother and Sister Al Horne and family.

Ultimately, arrangements were made for the printing of some of our books, but also in talking to Sister Donna Horne and learning of the materials she had written over the years concerning their work, I encouraged her to let me print them. She agreed to do so, and I am more than pleased now to be able to present her writings to you in the form of this book.

The Hornes are wonderful people who love the Lord and who are doing all they can to spread the cause of Christ. They have worked in Africa, and South Africa in particular, for many years. Brother Horne is the Director of the Southern Africa Bible School and is the preacher for the Church of Christ in Benoni. Sister Horne is not only a wife and mother, but also works with her husband as a secretary and, of course, as a Bible teacher.

It is a real pleasure to be associated with this fine Christian family and to present Sister Horne's book to you. I highly commend both.

J.C. Choate
Winona, MS
May 22, 1986

DONNA HORNE

1. Donna Horne.

FOREWORD

My love affair with missionary work began long ago. I remember asking my daughter, Lynda, what she was going to be when she grew up. "A Mission Mary," she said without hesitation. That is the way it was with me, too. My childhood's ambition was to grow up to marry a preacher and preferably, a missionary. Perhaps the single influence that planted the seed in my young heart was what I like to refer to as my parents' "Open Door Policy". The door of our home was always open to visiting preachers and missionaries, such as old brother Dong from Korea and French-national, Richard Andrejewski. It was only natural, then, that my college career found me at Abilene Christian College majoring in Bible.

Meanwhile, half a world away, a little lad was growing up in South Africa. Born to a Scottish father and an Afrikaans mother, Al Horne's religious background was denominational--right up until 1952 when Eldred Echols, American missionary, entered his life. This is how it happened.

At the time there was a religious radio broadcast beamed from Lorenco Marques in neighbouring Portugese East Africa. Al's older brother heard it and wrote to the station, expressing an interest in the program. Brother Echols, then doing missionary work in Johannesburg, was dispatched to the Horne family in Port Elizabeth, 700 miles to the south. Imagine his surprise when it was the middle brother who responded to the gospel's call. In fact, as it turned out, Al was the very first one to become a Christian in that city. To this day, I thrill to hear the story of his conversion.

Having been invited to accompany brother Echols on a trip upcountry, Al and brother Echols were riding a long while, at the same time discussing the scriptures. Again and again Al turned to read various scriptures which brother Echols suggested he investigate. Finally Al was convinced. By that time they were passing through Zululand where they came upon the Ilovo River.

As Al himself likes to tell the story, he said, "See, here is water. What doth hinder me from being baptized?" So brother Echols commanded the 1952 Plymouth chariot to stand still; and they went down into the water, both brother Echols and Al, and he baptized him. Then they came up out of the water--to depart from the original text only in this particular incident--they **BOTH** went on their way rejoicing! Again, it was only natural that after high school graduation two years later, Al's college career found him at Abilene Christian College, majoring in Bible. At that time there was no preacher training school in Africa for Al to attend.

Being a child of God I prefer, of course, to think of our meeting one another as being not because of the hand of fate, but because of the providence of God. Brother Carl Spain unwittingly helped, too, in that the first time his Bible class met after the Christmas holidays, he suggested that we American classmates welcome a certain young foreigner who was a new student in class that day. After class I duly went up to introduce myself and at the same time offered to help Al in any way I could. At this point I often add that he not only took me up on my offer that day, but that I have been helping him ever since--lo, these many years ever since that candlelight ceremony on December 15, 1956. I said, "Yes, I do," not only to Al, but to Africa.

Africa is a magic word with me. Primitive, mysterious, wild, and untamed. Her heartbeat is echoed in every thump, thump of the tom-tom. Her continent is shaped like a human skull, and when her bony finger beckons you with the Macedonian call from across the sea, you respond. Like a proud parent, she presents to you "The Greatest Show on Earth", with continuous performances from her wild creatures. Her witchdoctors lure you to their land of mumbo-jumbo, magic spells, and witchcraft. Her steamy jungles promise high adventure, and her bushcountry holds thrills like no other place on earth. Above all, the souls of her tribal people cry out for spiritual help for the Dark Continent. (Could Isaiah have had them in mind when he penned his prophecy in 9:2, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.") Hearing this primitive cry, I wanted to help ensure that the warm love and light of the Son of God would shine down upon this benighted and Dark Continent.

Then Tanganyika had to be one of Africa's most captivating countries. It lies on the Indian Ocean just south of the Equator and is the meeting place of three of the greatest rivers on the African continent--the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi. Mostly the land is either plains or plateaus, but Tanganyika does boast two extremes--Lake Tanganyika, which is the world's second deepest lake, and Mount Kilimanjaro--probably its most famous landmark. It is the tallest mountain in Africa! With its beautiful and permanent ice cap, it rises up majestically into the air, stretching up over nineteen thousand feet! Strangely the mountain has no foothills at all. Instead, it just abruptly climbs up out of the plain. Since it is such an awe-inspiring creation of Mother Nature, the Africans worship this mountain. It is called "The House of God," and they pray to it, especially when there is a need for rain. Hearing about Tanganyika and Kilimanjaro, I wanted to be a part of the missionary project that would endeavour to establish churches or "houses of God" throughout the country--places for men to pray.

I believe the first explorers to Tanganyika were missionaries like Dr. David Livingstone who eventually set up a school and a hospital on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. (It was said that when he died, the natives cut out his heart and buried it in African soil, after which the body was shipped back to his home country.) I would like you to join me now in the pages of this book as we further explore Tanganyika during those yesteryears of 1959 to 1964 when we were missionaries there for the Church of Christ. Though my memoirs were originally written diary style with daily entries, I have since consolidated them into monthly memos. Now, ladies and gentlemen, fasten your seatbelts and off we go...

DONNA HORNE

July, 1959

I had always wanted to ride in an airplane, but who would have thought that the first time I did so, I would travel all the way across the world to Africa. After a tearful farewell in Houston where both family and friends had gathered to see us off, Braniff deposited us in Fort Worth where we worshipped with the Oaklawn congregation of the Churches of Christ who was overseeing our work. One of their elders, Frank Berger, saw us onto the American Airlines bright and early the following morning. Again at Love Field there was a tearful farewell as assembled Christians waved us on our way. This time we were off on a non-stop flight to New York and from there we boarded the trans-Atlantic plane, a prop job. By then a tired little mother was glad when an even "tired-er" little Lisa, eighteen-months old, fell asleep in a little bassinet especially provided for babies. "Rock-a-bye Baby, High in the sky, We'll get to Africa bye-and-bye..."

You have heard about little old ladies who panic when they look outside the plane windows and see fire shooting out of the engines? While we were still over the Atlantic, I nudged Al, "Look! The stewardesses are running up and down the aisle. I am sure we are having plane trouble." Al began reassuring me that nothing was wrong. "You have just seen too many movies and read too many books about that kind of thing," he concluded. But sure enough, in a few moments, the pilot's voice came over the intercom, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we regret to announce that one of our engines has gone out. We will be making an unscheduled stop-over at Accra in Ghana on the West coast." Inexperienced as I was at flying, I assumed the worst, humming "Coming In On a Wing and a Prayer" under my breath. We still had another three engines to go; but the Accra Airport was, nevertheless, a welcome sight to our eyes.

In Accra, we were guests of the Pan American Airlines at the luxurious Ambassador Hotel. I thought, "This is primitive Africa?" We had hot and cold running water, private tiled baths, closets with sliding doors, air conditioning, and six-course meals. We ate out on a patio outlined in colored lights. It was beautiful and everything was modern and comfortable. Again I pondered, "This is primitive Africa?" The following morning we were taken on a tour of Accra. This was my first introduction to

Africa. It was my first glimpse of native women balancing huge loads on their heads while at the same time carrying babies on their backs. I also noticed how the faces of the natives had been scarred at birth to denote to which tribe they belonged. After a personal introduction to the African man who wrote Ghana's national anthem, we visited the local market place. We stopped to look at African-made souvenirs. As is so typical of African salesmen, they went to all lengths to make a sale. When I asked, "How much?" they noticed my American accent and quoted a terrifically high price. We would half that price and they would emphatically shake their heads, "No!" Then when we walked off unconcerned, they would run after us with their product held out, asking, "What is your **last** offer?" We had to tear ourselves away from their persistent efforts when five or six even followed us to the car.

By that evening, an extra engine had been flown in from England for our plane and we were on our way again. Our night flight took us over the equator, and we received official certificates for having crossed it. After having refueled at Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo, we flew on over the Rhodesias and Victoria Falls at midnight. It was hot and humid, and I was sure that the one who wrote, "Bonga, Bonga, Bonga, I don't wanna leave the jungle, oh, no, no, no, no, no!" had never visited that uncomfortable place! We were really glad to continue on to South Africa. We went through customs at Johannesburg, and then began the final leg of our journey to Port Elizabeth, Al's home town. Although our plane was twenty-four hours later than originally scheduled, practically the entire church in Port Elizabeth had turned out to meet us. Then we were driven to Al's home, the humble little four-room semi-detached house where he had grown up. There I met my mother-in-law for the first time and Alick, Al's younger brother. We spent the remaining days of our visit in Port Elizabeth. Our not having any transportation would have put us at a great disadvantage were it not for the Lincolns taking us under their wings. Al and Abe made a good team. Not only did Al help Abe with the preaching during our stay there, but the two of them were out late many nights in religious discussions. Nine baptisms resulted and, all in all, we felt that our visit in Port Elizabeth was a good one.

August, 1959

By the time we left Port Elizabeth, I was beginning to feel a bit homesick. Do not misunderstand me--Africa is beautiful, and the people are friendly and welcoming, but it had just hit me how far away I was from home. After all, I had never before been more than four hundred miles from my parents, and that was when I was at college. Now a distance of more than ten thousand miles separated us. If it can be said that I have sacrificed anything at all in coming to Africa, then my only sacrifice was in giving up my family back home. As the hymn expresses it, "Oh, Jesus, if I die upon a foreign field some day, 'Twould be no more than love demands, No less could I repay."

Since it was much cheaper than flying and considerably cheaper than a passenger ship, we decided to travel by cargo ship up the coast to Tanganyika. We were unable to book passage on the Lykes Liner which carried our jeep and personal effects, so we caught the next cargo ship out, the Langleeclyde. It was a Holland-African liner with British, Welsh, and Scandanavian crew members and was scheduled to reach Tanganyika in three weeks. There were only eleven passengers aboard, including us, and Lisa was the only child. Even at that, ship rules forbade children eating in the adult dining hall. This meant that while Al ate his meals with the others, I remained behind in the stateroom to feed Lisa. Then he babysat her while I went off to eat in the dining hall. It was not the best arrangement in the world, but then neither was the food anything to write home about. As Al put it, we "ate from one end to the other." Our meals started with something like Oxtail Soup and progressed to Braised Shoulder and even Tongue. Once the menu read, "Toad in the Hole", but it merely turned out to be sausages encased in pie crust.

After one night aboard ship, we docked in East London where we were met by Leonard and Marguerite Gray, American missionaries. Since we had shore leave until six P.M., they squired us around town and treated us royally. Sailing on up the coast, we came to Durban where we were in port four days. Though we slept aboard ship every night, the John Maples and Earl Ross families drove us around to see all the sights. This included the famous Indian Market where the curry powder is marked according to its degree of hotness ("Dynamite", "Mother-in-law's Tongue", etc.). We also visited a Mohammedan Mosque in our stocking feet as well as a large Catholic cathedral which was so huge they had confessionals for English, French, and Italian speaking people. We saw a money box there labelled, "To help those souls in Purgatory." Another highlight was a ride out to "The Valley of a Thousand Hills" (though I did not bother to count them) with its magnificent view. Then along the beachfront we took a ricksha ride for the first time. The men pulling them dress up in fantastic headdresses and garb to attract trade. Ours wore rattlesnake rattlers around both ankles--shakey-shakey style. Sheep skins were also featured in his dress, and even his ricksha was decorated in a fancy way. I could not enjoy my ride, however, thinking of the hard labor involved in pulling one of those rickshas. We were told that the strain is so great on their hearts that those who pull them only live two or three years. And speaking of labor, while we were in Durban those four days, Al preached three times--not bad for a twenty-one year old.

We sailed on to Lourenco Marques by sundown and were anchored there four days. It may be called Portugese East Africa, but there is a surprisingly large Chinese population who operate all the town shops. Everyone there speaks Portugese, however--even the Africans and Chinese. It was difficult to find an English-speaking person from whom we could ask directions. Several of the downtown streets were cobblestone.

The Lord's Day found us aboard ship and for the first time we had to have a private worship service. None of our fellow-passengers elected to join us. It was a lonely little service, but I suppose that is the way Paul did it on his missionary journeys.

At the next port of Beira, we had to drop anchor three miles out of town because of low tides and sand bars. Besides, we had no berth there. We had to travel on into town each time by motorboat. It was rather precarious having to climb down the gangplank with Lisa each time and onto the little boat waiting below, but we enjoyed it anyway. From the docks it was another thirty minute walk into town--what there was of it. It was not exactly a paradise for the would-be window shopper. There were just a few Chinese-owned bric-a-brac stores of the kind we had already experienced in Lourenco Marques. It was not a very nice place in which to be marooned as we were for six days. The very fact that we bought only three bananas and two letter-forms in Beira should tell you something.

September, 1959

The first day of the month saw our arriving in Mtwara, our first Tanganyikan port. From afar it looked beautiful--like some desert island. Landing there we struck off for town by foot, having been told by an African that it was just two miles away. To the contrary, it turned out to be eight. Luckily, we got a ride along the way because by then, being in the tropics, we were all perspiring badly. Downtown Mtwara turned out to be only one little street of dirty, dingy little shops operated by Indians. That was enough of Mtwara for me, and the remaining two days that we were in port we chose to stay aboard ship.

Approaching Dar-es-Salaam, it was such a picturesque place. Our fellow-passengers who had been there before warned us that it would look just like a picture postcard and it did. A small boat came to take us with our luggage to the customs office. The African in charge directed us to the New Africa Hotel. After checking in, Al went along to the shipping agency. The sooner our things were cleared through customs, the sooner we could be on our way to the Bible School, still another five hundred miles inland.

That night, for the first time in my life, I slept under a mosquito net. All the beds in this hotel have them. They are attached to the ceiling in such a way as to swoop down in white folds to be tucked under the mattress. Even Lisa's baby bed had a pint-sized mosquito net. We had begun taking Paludrin, our malaria-prevention pills (one a day, as the saying goes) weeks before, but one can not be too cautious so we welcomed the use of the netting over our beds.

It took a couple of days to get Tanganyika license plates issued for our jeep and to get the crates we had shipped out of storage and through customs. We loaded as much as we could into the jeep and trailer and arranged for the rest to be sent out by truck. Leaving Dar with its beautiful palm-fringed coastline behind us, we were at last in primitive Africa with its traditional mud huts and half-clad women. The road was tarmac most of the way to Morogoro where we spent the first night of our journey. We went to sleep to the sound of African drums. It seems the local tribe was having its annual circumcision rites. Our night's rest cost us seventy shillings.

The next day's journey took us over corrugated roads full of pot holes. We drove along the Ruaha River's valley, stopping alongside the road to see three elephants, scores of baboons, and a herd of impala antelope (some number in the hundreds). With the graceful impala, it was for me a case of "love at first sight". Watching them leap so effortlessly through the air, I thought we should initiate Olympic Games for the animal kingdom and enter the impala for the high jump! Though he is only three feet or so high himself, he can easily make an eightfoot jump. We twisted and turned around mountain roads so crooked we were not able to go over 20 m.p.h. Gaining altitude fast, we arrived in Iringa and spent the night at the White Horse Inn.

From Iringa the following morning, we proceeded on down the Great North Road. Do not be misled by its name. Though the road stretches six thousand miles down the African continent, all the way from Cairo in the North to Cape Town in the South, it is neither GREAT, nor does it always point NORTH--nor in some places can it be described as a ROAD by any stretch of the imagination. This being the six-month dry season, the country appeared barren and the dust on the road was the worst part of it. I had prepared food, fruit, and drinking water for the trip, so we ate in the car to save time, arriving at Chimala by mid-afternoon. We were advised to leave the trailer there, rather than risk pulling it up the precarious mountain road to the mission. We did just that. The first mile of the mountain road was just an average country road, and we began to think it was not such a bad road after all. Then we crossed over the first little bridge, and began to gain altitude rapidly. By then we could see that the road was really as dangerous as we had been led to believe. It is five and a half vertical miles with eighty hairpin curves that take a good forty-five minutes to navigate. The road twists to such an extent that there is a U-turn type curve every tenth of a mile or so. The outer edge of the road was particularly scary, because it overlooked a sheer drop to valleys below. One slip and you were a goner! I understand that when the missionaries first established the Bible School, the only way to ascend the mountain was on foot or on the back of a donkey. Even today, years later, an ordinary car could not make it up the mountain. Even in our jeep, Al had to put it in four-wheel drive and in compound (the auxiliary gear). They say the road is even worse in the rainy season (from November through April) when it is wet and slick. Even as they are, the hairpin curves are so dangerous the missionaries have names for them--"Satan's Curve", "Old Slick", "Tombstone Corner," etc. What a road!

At Ailsa, the name of the mission property, we were given a big welcome by the resident missionary couple, Guy and Jessie Lee Caskey, and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Judy. Between bouts of unpacking, we were shown around the place. There are only two houses on the property. The Caskeys live in a seven-room house with the upstairs attic converted into a bedroom. A stone's throw away is the house we will be sharing with the Echols when they arrive. It is a long and narrow house--eight rooms in length and one room in width. Beginning at one end is a laundry room which doubles as a dining room. Then comes the kitchen, Lisa's bedroom, Al's study which is subdivided into a bathroom, our living room, our bedroom, the Echol's bedroom which is ensuite, and their living room--in that order. The church building and classrooms are located a few hundred feet beyond our two houses. Then the students' huts are beyond that, about a quarter of a mile.

We had only been here a day when guests arrived--a missionary family from Nyasaland. They came up to stay with the Caskeys, so that their first baby could be born in Mbeya, our nearest town, fifty miles away. Our second day on the mission, Al began teaching daily classes in the Bible School. On the third day, we drove into Mbeya to meet the Echols who had just arrived from America. It was good to greet Eldred, Al's "father in the gospel" and Jane, his bride of three months. She and I never met until plans had been made for us to work together in Africa, but we are both Gulf Coast girls and have both been brought up in the church. I was sure that she and I would have a lot in common. How right I was!

That very night of the Echols' arrival, we drove onto the mission property and our jeep's headlights fell upon a leopard. He was in the process of attacking the Caskey's dog and nearly killed her, too. The men did not rest until a leopard trap had been set up. Meanwhile, the dog took refuge in the Caskey's kitchen where she bled all over the floor from a deep neck wound. Three days later, the trap paid off. The leopard turned out to be seven to eight feet long, weighing ninety pounds. The bullet had killed him instantly, striking him in the back just between his shoulders. The raw meat left in the trap had drawn him there.

The rest of the month we spent settling in. Upon discovering there were no closets in the house, Al made one out of one of our large shipping crates. He turned another into a grocery-supply cupboard. There seems to be only two colors of paint available in town--pink (yuk!) and nile-green. Al normally asks me, "Do you want it painted nile-green or nile green?" to which I reply, "Nile-green will be fine, thank you, dear". Language study also takes up a lot of time now as learning Swahili is a must in a country like this where no one speaks English.

October, 1959

Ailsa is truly one of God's beauty spots on earth. Remember the book, The Enchanted Garden?

Well, I think I have found it. Thanks to Eldred Echol's green thumb, exotic flowers line the pathways and adorn the window boxes along the porch. Brilliant poinsettias and orchids grow wild in this place. There are also incredibly tall and shaggy eucalyptus trees which dominate the front yard, with blue gums forming an archway right down the lane leading to the student village. We have our own vegetable garden as well, faithfully tended by Abraham, our ancient African gardener. He sees to it that we have tender young English peas, new potatoes, etc. and even fresh strawberries.

Because life is so primitive here, each family is provided with a servant or "houseboy". Simon works for the Caskeys, Andondile for the Echols, and Gideon, somewhat toothless and about forty, works for us. These men perform all the tasks which are more difficult. Trees are cut down and chopped up to make a fire in the boiler to produce hot water for the day. They also have the responsibility of seeing to it that the wood stove is ready for use. There are also cement floors to be polished and shined. A parafin refrigerator has to be filled regularly and kerosene lanterns have to be filled for evening use. Even when the electrical plant is working and we are able to have lights for a couple of hours at night, they go off at 9:30 and the lanterns are brought in until bedtime. There is no daytime electricity, so you can not vacuum the house or iron or sew or mix a cake with a mixer then. Since it would be impossible to save all our housework for those few hours of electrical power at nighttime, the servants go ahead and sweep the rooms with brooms and even do the ironing by heating the big hollow irons with hot coals. Actually, one can get by without electrical appliances, but at breakfast time, don't expect toast from a toaster or percolated coffee. At least we don't have to draw water by hand. There is a small gas engine which pumps the water up to the house.

While the servants are at their tasks, we missionaries are not exactly "eating the bread of idleness." The men teach all morning. After lunch they assist the students in the planting of crops, repairing of buildings and vehicles, transporting of supplies from town, and all the hundred and one other things necessary for the upkeep of the Bible School and its property. When the electricity comes on after supper, about 6:30, the men can be found down at the shop where the welding machine or power tools are used to repair machinery. When the lights go off at 9:30, they can be found studying and preparing for the next day's classes by the light of their kerosene pressure lamp.

As for us ladies, our time is divided between baking homemade bread loaves (you cannot buy fresh bread), making jams and jellies, and canning vegetables and tomatoes from the garden so we will have them even when the garden quits producing. We are also busy with study and the preparation of visual aids and handwork for our classes. A typical day also finds us doctoring the villagers who come to our door. Our days are constantly interrupted by those who need simple medical attention--those wanting cough medicine, antibiotic tablets, malaria medicine, and injections of penicillin. The commonest affliction here is "sore eyes". It is also the most contagious, so we have to be extra careful to wash our hands each time we apply salve. Then there is the typing of monthly reports to our supporting congregations (of whom there are six who support the Hornes), daily language classes, and caring for Lisa, who will be two years old next month.

Every night a whipporwill sings his shrill song outside our window. It is then that we enjoy sitting and visiting for a little while in front of an open fireplace. We live at such a high altitude the nights are incredibly cool for Africa. We sleep under three or four blankets. We go to sleep feeling tired but fulfilled. We may be far away from family and Christian friends, but God is very near. I'm also grateful for the "veteran missionaries" here who have shown us "green horns" the ropes. We have found Jessie Lee to be so capable, Guy so kind, and of course, Eldred is the glue that holds us all together. It is really great to be part of such a team.

We went on our very first safari this month. Our convoy of three vehicles (an open army jeep, our jeep station wagon, and the jeep truck) trailed down the mountain and out across rough country to the Chimala River. The fact that the water was so high it came up to the runningboards did not stop us. On across we plunged! At first, we had to drive along a car path, then along foot paths made by the natives, and now we just struck out across the open country. Giant-sized pot holes turned out to be elephant footprints left in the earth. It made for rough riding. When we camped for the night, Guy made a windbreaker from tarpaulins. We slept well until about four in the morning. When the wind died down, the mosquitoes moved in. Sleep was impossible. About dawn we saw six giraffes silhouetted against the African sky. It was beautiful. Then we saw two jackals scampering along. We broke camp and later, driving along through the elephant grass, one could see neither to the right nor to the left. It was thick around us and as tall or taller than the jeep. Finally, Guy spotted a herd of buffalo. He managed to close in for the kill and brought down the biggest buffalo you have ever seen--all 1500 pounds of him. Everyone was so excited, for this meant that now the students at the school would have some meat. After breakfast the two guides began butchering the buffalo right on the spot. Finally, we saw them take out the two stomachs and clean the bigger one of its contents. The guides wanted the stomach linings to make tripe. They were welcome to them. On the way home, we drove through an area thick with thorn bushes--I pitied those riding in the open army jeep. We saw some dik-dik (the smallest in the antelope family), some kwali (birds which taste almost like chicken meat), and a number of cranes. Back home, all the students asked us about our first hunting trip with the words which rhymn in Swahili, "HABARI SAFARI"? To which we replied, "MZURI SANA". ("It was great"). Already I was looking forward to the next trip out into the bush.

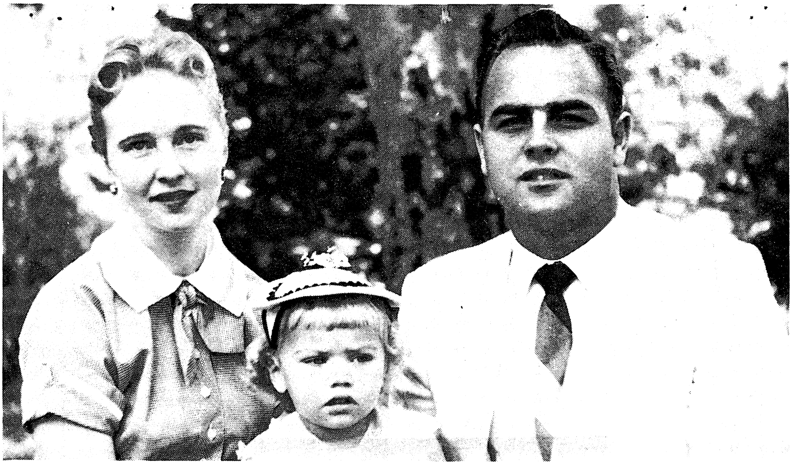
Our second safari headed out towards Utengule, an African village. The dust was so thick you could almost cut it with a knife. The vastness of the land was incredible. The country was flat as far as the eye could see. There was evidence of soil erosion for in places the ground had cracked open. All the river beds we crossed that day were dry and in most places, the grass was entirely gone as a result of over-grazing. The cattle and game had so eaten the grass that only the parched earth was left behind them, dotted with numerous bushes and thorn trees. We saw huge herds of African cattle that day. There were so many it looked like a giant round-up in Texas. Then we saw two herds of giraffes loping along. Here in East Africa the giraffe is royal game, so no one is allowed to shoot them, I am glad to say. They are protected by law. This part of Tanganyika is known as the Bohora Flats. The people there are called Wasangu, and the language is Kisangu. By now it was so shimmeringly hot that in the distance we saw mirages--vast lakes of water. Of course, it was due to heat waves. Making camp, we were dismayed to discover that somewhere along the way, the tank of extra gas had turned over in the trailer and contaminated all the food we had packed. The fumes had gotten into everything. Even the drinking water was polluted. Luckily, we had brought with us a case of Cokes which we rationed out among us, but all the food had to be thrown away. So there we were--hot, sweaty, hungry, thirsty, and tired. It did not help when the Africans let a brush fire get started, and the men had to jump up to join the fire-fighters. Later the Africans located a small water hole nearby. They brought us some water from it which we proceeded to boil for twenty minutes to purify. Then we set it aside to cool before gulping it down greedily. At sunset the men piled in the jeeps and headed for the nearest village where they had planned to preach that evening. They left us women behind by the campfire with Andondile and a .22 to protect us should we need them.

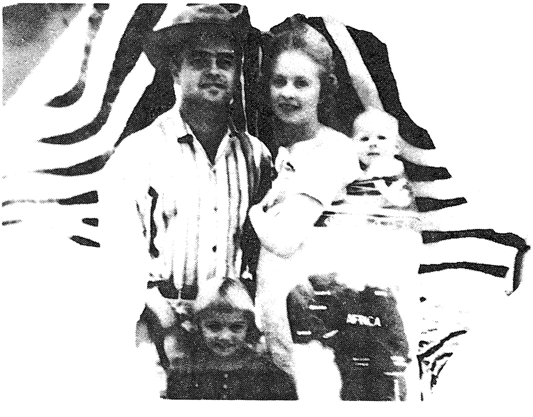
The next morning Al shot his first game--an impala. (We would prefer to "shoot" the animals with our cameras but we need the meat for our cooking pots). It weighed about a hundred pounds, was approximately two years old, and had beautiful skin and antlers. The only other excitement that day turned out to be a sixteen-inch iguana in the tree directly above our sleeping quarters. On the way home the next day, we saw two herds of impala and at the foot of our mountain, about thirty playful--though often destructive--baboons. I understand that in some African languages, the word for baboon is "dog-faced man." I can certainly see why. We hurried on up the mountain to the mission as dark rain clouds were threatening. And so we came to the end of another perfect day out in the wilds of Africa.

I forgot to tell you about an African woman we saw at one of the villages. She was a real character. She was an old toothless woman, "barefoot from her waist up" as someone nicely put it, and wore bracelets around her ankles. What really took my fancy, though, was a five-inch nail hanging through her lower lip. No telling how long she promoted this particular fashion item. I thought she was the strangest thing I had ever seen out of Ripley's "Believe it or Not" but to each his own. Meanwhile, Al is growing a beard. Perhaps that is why Gideon has dubbed Al "Bwana Simba" ("Master of the Lions"). Brother Caskey suggested that the students should call Al "Bwana Pembe" because that is the name for "horn", but it didn't stick. A woman, on the other hand, is called "Mama" with reference to her oldest child. Thus, I am known as "Mama ya Lisa".

Another trip this month took us to Dar-es-Salaam as both Eldred and Al had to try and get the goods we had shipped from America out of customs. We ate lunch at the New Africa Hotel in Dar. The waiters there are striking in their ankle-length white gowns with red cumberbands and red fez hats to match with black tassels. They pad silently around the dining hall with bare feet. They call me "Memsaab" (Arabic for "married lady") and Al "Bwana". We found Dar to be quite an interesting place. Many Indians living there are of the Sikh religion. Their women wear long silk trousers under flowing dresses to distinguish them from the Mohammedan or Hindu women. The Sikh men do not believe in cutting their hair which they wrap up in a turban. With their long beards, they remind me of "The Sheik of Araby". Dar was unbearably hot in the daytime. The humidity was incredible. We stopped to buy some green coconuts, to drink their contents. It was sweet to the taste and refreshing. We noticed that the palm trees have steps cut into the bark so that the natives can climb up and gather coconuts more easily.

While we women were out Christmas shopping (for we knew we would not get another chance to come to Dar until next year), the men went along to customs again to try and get their guns released. This time they succeeded, so we could head for home--good old cool Ailsa. The only problem we ran into was that just outside Iringa, our gas got dangerously low. We made it into a filling station only to discover that their gas was all used up. Al bought a can of kerosene instead, and we put that into the tank. We drove another forty-five miles to the next gas station, only to discover that this Indian had gas, but the handle on his gas pump was broken. We persevered and came away with two gallons. About twenty miles further, we were finally able to fill up, much to our relief, and concentrate more on the scenery. Candlelabra trees were pointed out to us. They are shaped just as their name indicates. In the past the natives poisoned their spears from those trees. We also saw baobab trees which are called "upside down trees." According to an ancient legend, the gods had a giant child who once pulled the tree up by its roots, and then stuck it back into the ground upside down. It certainly looks it. Grotesque in appearance, the baobab has gigantic proportions. They say a thousand gallons of water can be stored

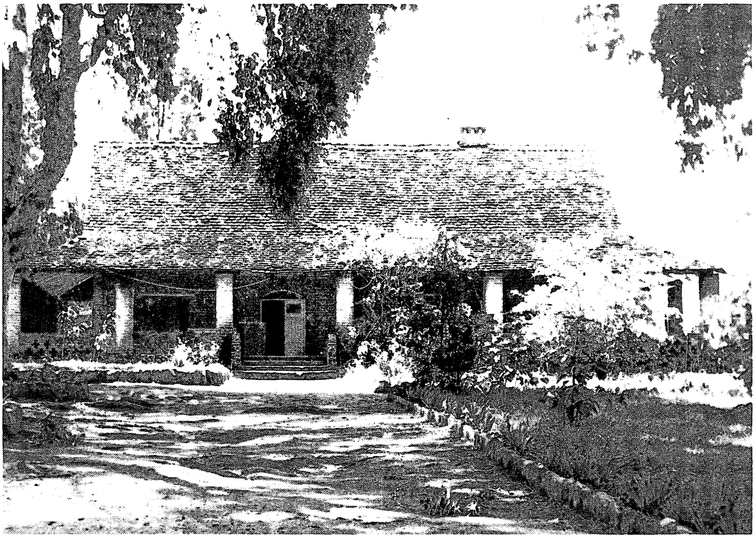




2. Al, Donna, & Lisa Horne, Tanganyika, 1959.

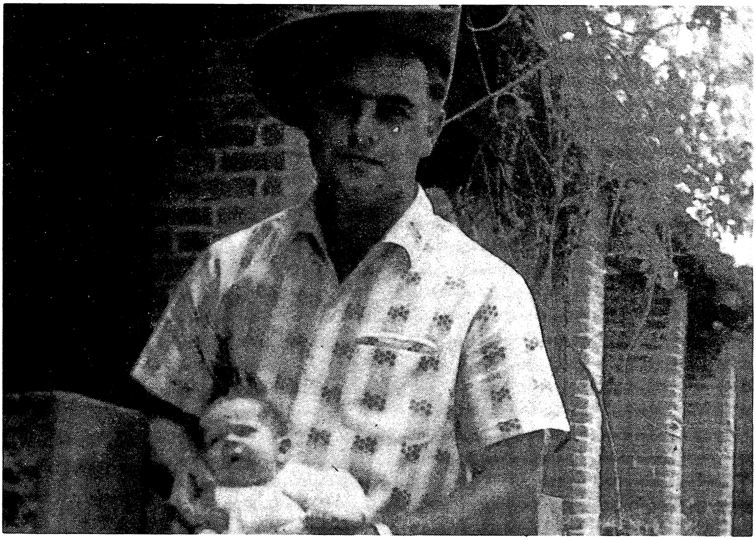
3. Donna & Lisa Horne, Tanganyika, 1961.

4. Al & Donna with children. Lisa was born in Abilene, TX, and Lynda was born in Mbeya, Tanganyika.



5. The house in which we live. It was built by the Germans around 1935, but had to be rehabilitated upon the Caskeys' arrival here in 1957. At that time, roof tiles were missing, there were no floors, and mushrooms were even growing out of the walls! Now it's a comfortable old house once again.

6. The mission house at Ailsa in Tanganyika which the Hornes shared with the Echols family.



7. Al Horne and Lynda in front of their home on the mountain in Tanganyika.

8. Left: Donna, Lisa & Lynda. Right: Jane Echols & Cherry. Tanganyika, 1962.

9. Donna & Lisa at the Dar-es-Salaam Airport waiting for the flight to Zanzibar. How about those hats? Tanganyika, 1963.

10. Lisa & Lynda at home in Tanganyika, 1963.

11. Lisa with the girl, Nyama-Siagi, who looked after her outdoors. (Nyama-Siagi means "Meat Butter"!) It was necessary to employ her because of all of the snakes, leopards and wildlife in the mountaintop area.

12. Lisa with her little playmate, the daughter of a student preacher.

for months inside the hollow trunk. The baobab features regularly on the elephant's menu as the buds have cream of tartar in them. At last we were back home. Ah, home, sweet home. The camping that we had done to and from and even in Dar on this trip made our homecoming even sweeter.

November, 1959

Talk about an interesting place in which to live! In the local dialect, Kiwanji, the name of our nearest village, Kitekelo, means "place of offering". The house in which we live is built on the old site of Kitekelo. In our back yard is a huge slab of rock where the animal offering was actually made to the rain-god by the Wanji tribe. It is said that the python was the symbol of the rain-god. Today this historic spot is still a place of offering, but instead of the python, the God of the Bible is worshipped. As a missionary, my responsibility is to see that Kitikelo continues to be a place of offering or giving to God.

Nearby is a waterfall within walking distance. To get there, we walked through our peach orchard and across a coffee plantation until we came onto vast soil erosions--like the Grand Canyon but on a smaller scale. Then we walked past a huge ditch which was dug by the Wasangu people over the possession of this mountain. Apparently, the Wanji people dug it so that as the Wasangu people came up the mountain side, they would stumble into the ditch. Then the Wanji people above would spear their fallen victims. It was a strategic point. Our hike took almost an hour for Boma Hill is more than a mile from here. It ends in a deep, deep gorge and sitting on a big rock there, we were able to look almost straight down thousands and thousands of feet below. We were told that the Wanji women used to climb down that steep, steep clift into the gorge to get water from the falls and then climb back up the mountain side to give it to their husbands who were at war with the Wasangus. You would have to see that almost 90-degree slant of the mountain side to appreciate it. It is steep beyond description! This being the dry season, the waterfall was at its smallest. Ordinarily, its roar is even more deafening, and as it was we could hear it long before we could see it.

In the other direction from the mission is the Elton Plateau. Instead of heading down the mountain road, we took a road over the back side of the mountain. Driving through Matamba Village, we continued on, gaining in altitude until at the highest point, we were at 9,500 feet. From there we could look down upon the numerous patchwork farms belonging to the local Africans. Everything below looked as it does from an airplane window. It was also a lot colder up there. Eldred remembers one time when it was eleven degrees. Only a few minutes before, we had left Ailsa in shirtsleeves, and here we were now all snuggled up in our coats. No villages are there because it is so cold, although we did see a few shepherds' huts scattered here and there. We also saw an abundance of wildflowers, including "Red Hot Pokers", a new flower to me but one that lives up to its name in appearance.

Crossing on over the Uwangi territory in which we live, we came to the Usafwa country. The people there are called Wasafwa, and their language is Kisafwa. The men are mostly sawyers.

They live in houses made of woven bamboo with thatched roofs. A strange thing about the dogs we saw is that they all wore loud-ringing bells around their necks. Eldred said maybe they are incapable of barking as he saw some dogs like that in Nigeria once. Every now and then we would pass by a group of trees labeled, "Trial Plots of Pine Trees". It seems the government is trying to utilize that land in the cultivation of pines. Finally we came to the bamboo forest, famous for its Colobus monkeys who live there. We saw some of them with their long, flowing black and white hair. Truly beautiful monkeys! I was glad to hear that people don't often shoot them for their skins, because they have to obtain a special permit. We were content to sit and watch them swoop from tree to tree with their mane streaming behind them. In the heart of the forest, you could buy bamboo cheaply it was so plentiful. Whereas, in the States you might pay fifty cents for a single fishing pole, here you could buy two dozen big ones for just a shilling or fourteen cents. Next we came to an 8,000 acre estate covered with tiny white flowers. They were Pyrethrum flowers used to make insecticide. After buying two shillings of bananas at a village called "Njiapanda" (which means "The Climbing Path"), we doubled back home, full of our day's adventure.

Back at the mission, our next task was to dispose of the seven large barrels of used clothing that had arrived from American Christians. About forty Africans with their wives and children turned up for the event. Talk about bedlam! It was worse than bargain basement counters in American department stores. The men tried on women's clothing for their sweethearts or absent wife. Some tried on trousers over trousers. Some were so proud of the clothing they acquired, they put it all on to wear home. Andondile was given a cap with fur flaps for his ears to wear outdoors, but we have hardly seen him without it since. The same was true of Mordican who received a brown leather hat. Hats of any kind seem to be a rare and prized possession for the African. Meanwhile, Frankly busied himself getting clothing for his prospective bride. He chose a number of items, including a pair of pink bloomers big enough for four girls. Abraham, the gardener, ended up with a lady's coat with a gigantic fur collar. He looks as funny as all get out in that feminine coat, but little does he care. He probably doesn't know the difference. Nor do the students, many of whom I saw at church on Sunday wearing ladies' suit jackets. Oh, well, as long as they are happy.

In this country, a little store is called a "duka". I think the men came up with a real winner when they decided to build a duka at certain villages, so that the preachers (Bible School graduates) might be able to work and support themselves. It was with this in mind that the men left for the plains. Two days later we wives decided to join them. The mountain road was terribly wet and slick from the last night's rain. They say this is the earliest rainy season they can remember (wouldn't you know it). Anyway, we drove on past Igurusi and Utengule onto the Bohora Flats. The further I drove, the muddier the "road" became. Finally, we met our tractor coming towards us with four of our students. They explained that it had rained in torrents the day before so that the building of a duka was now impossible, so they were returning to the mission. Sure enough, a little further on, Guy approached in his jeep truck on his way home, and behind him were Eldred and Al in a jeep. They said they had set up tarps the day before, preparing camp for us when the rains started. The Plains are clay and water stands on them like a gigantic ocean. After awhile, not even a jeep can cross. In fact, once the rains begin out there, you are stranded. We were told of a crocodile hunter last year who was stranded out there for nine months. In view of this, the village chief had advised our men to return home. We were all disappointed for this means we will have to go back out there next June when the Plains have dried up again to build the duka and evangelize. The mountain road was really soaked by the time we got home, and most of the students were absolutely drenched when they turned up for Bible Study that night.

As the season gets wetter and wetter, I am more and more thankful for the winch on the front of our jeep. When our jeep gets stuck in the mud, we just attach the winch to a nearby tree-trunk and one, two, three, we are out and on our way again. Sometimes the mountain road in particular is so slick and dangerous, we leave the driver to it and walk on up two or three curves past the danger points. Another danger on the road there is the distraction caused by wild animals like the two large and very beautiful kudus we saw on the way home. I am afraid we were all guilty of taking our eyes off the road to stare at those magnificent creatures. Not to be outdone, a boom-slang made his way through a small hole in the wall into the Echols' bathroom, and the very next day another boom-slang was discovered in our bath. Quite frankly, snakes I can do without--especially in one's bathroom.

Our next safari was far more successful. We drove past Chimala, Chosi, and Masasi Villages onto the Usangu plains. Straightaway we saw some beautiful crested cranes with their golden tipped wings. Like the giraffe, they are "the queen's game" and protected from hunters. We also spotted a fish eagle for the first time. Passing by several ghost villages (vacated mud huts), we observed countless ant hills which in this country are surprisingly tall. Some are taller than your head. Further out, we began to get onto swampy land. By then we really began to see the game. We saw several reedbuck, an eland with his spiral staircase horns, a leopard cub, two female waterbucks, and many, many Topi. When we saw two large herds of Topi, we split up, the Echols following one and we the other. There must have been forty in our herd. Al shot one of 250 or so pounds. Eldred returned to help him butcher and load it into the jeep. Just as we started for home, we saw an immense herd of buffalo and zebra. They thundered alongside our jeeps in a cloud of heavy dust not more than twenty feet away. Then they crossed over in front of our jeeps in a steady, endless (or so it seemed) stream. It was as if we were back in Texas waiting for the cars to go by so the light could turn green. I tried to count them but they fleeted by on such nimble feet, it was useless to try. Driving along we had two other exciting encounters--one with a python. Eldred fought it by throwing his axe at it. It kept striking up into the air, lunging at him again and again--all eight feet of him. Al came to the rescue, shooting the snake through its head with a .22 several times. We also came upon the skeleton of a buffalo. Eldred pointed out that lions had probably killed and eaten it for only a lion has the strength required to fight and kill a buffalo. In fact, a lion is the only animal that will even attack a buffalo in the first place. When we got home, our speedometer on the jeep said that we had traveled out onto the plains a mere 45 miles. Imagine seeing that many animals and that variety of game so close to home. The nicest part of the day was taking the tope on down to the student village to divide the meat among the students. They were ecstatic!

I became personally acquainted with the Mbeya Hospital this month when I was admitted with a 103 temperature that would not subside. It turned out to be a very bad throat infection. Dr. Eckhart, a German, attended to me, assisted by three British nurses and a staff of African domestics. While I was there, two Africans were admitted who had been gored by buffaloes about three miles off the Iringa road, poor things. A buffalo may look like a harmless cow, but he is actually one of the most dangerous African animals. Particularly if he is wounded. He can get furiously angry as many unfortunate hunters have found out. After four days, I was allowed to return to my mountain home. I doubt that you could have found a more grateful missionary wife that day than I.

December, 1959

I must have really been impressed with the Mbeya Hospital last month, because I have just spent another four days there--this time with Lisa being the patient. When her temperature shot up to 104 one night, Al and I wasted no time in getting her down the mountain to the hospital. Talk about the Dark Continent! It was dark as pitch along the way, with not a single light to be seen anywhere except for the jeep's headlights. Then to crown it all, we had a flat going into town (our NINTH this month). And after all that, Lisa's high fever is still unexplained, because surely two-year-old molars could not cause such illness.

Mbeya turned out to be quite a nice little town. The marketplace occupies what we would call a city block and is in the exact center of town. It is a very popular meeting place and especially for flies near the meat market. There are only two modern stores plus two nice grocery shops. All the others are small and dingy and sell only the bare essentials. I remember when we came here, I could not even find a wastepaper basket to buy. There just were not any. Of course, canned fruits and vegetables are very expensive because of the high customs duties placed on them. Meat is fairly cheap but not always so tender either. Fresh milk is unavailable, so we buy powdered milk. I suppose it is more sanitary anyway. Groceries are bought just as they were "in the good old days". Our Greek grocer, Mr. Lagopoulos, takes our grocery list and fills it himself. All we have to do is go by later in the day and collect everything. Then we usually have to stop by Jiwa's, an Indian grocer, to add any items we were unable to get at the first place. This grocery buying method is simple enough, but can easily kill half a day. No wonder we only go into Mbeya for supplies once a month on the average. While the grocers are filling our lists, we normally go for lunch at the Mbeya Hotel. It is the ONLY place in town to get a meal as there are no cafes, no, not one. Let's face it, Mbeya is a one-horse town and, as Al always adds, "that horse died!"

Our first Christmas here on the mission field, my first ever away from my parents, is now history. It was a nice day though we missed the hustle and bustle of city shopping which gives one the spirit of Christmas. We had an old-fashioned Christmas tree in that we had no electrical lights or decorative balls, but we did string popcorn and hang pieces of brightly-wrapped candy on the branches. For three days we heard the beat of the tom-toms from Kitekelo, one mile away. The Africans also celebrate Christmas Day with flags which wave on poles in front of their mud huts. We saw several children with their faces painted a ghostly white (in imitation of the white man?). All our students were presented with a small gift package. Counting their wives and children, there were seventy in all. Each child was given a sack of candy and a rubber ball and each adult and child received a cup of sugar. That may not seem much to you and me but to the African, sugar is a luxury so they really appreciated it. Afterwards, one of our African teachers whose name, incidentally, is Efrom Seventeen Matonga counted, "One...Two...Three" so that the student body could shout in unison, "ASANTE SANA" ("Thank you very much"). The next day I received a present from Fraston, a student. It was two eggs, wrapped in a piece of old wrinkled newspaper. His gift touched me somehow, and I loved him for it.

Now I am going to end on a sad note. If one grave constitutes a graveyard, then we live in a graveyard. The Caskeys showed me the grave yesterday. It is just behind our house here and is the grave of a German young man. It seems that he was passing through this part of the world when he contracted malaria out on the plains. At that time, Germans were occupying this place so the natives, recognizing that he was like the people here, carried him up the mountain. The story goes that he was unconscious for some time, and when he died they buried him out in back of the house here. By now the grave is covered over with weeds and a plant called "Christ's Thorns". You have heard of "The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier"? Well, this is "The Tomb of the Unknown German".

January, 1960

Poor Michael! He is a student who married a village girl who had already been promised in marriage to another. Last week the girl's father, Lukelo of Kitekelo, came and took her back home with him because Michael still owes four cows for her. The father added that when Michael brings the other four cows, he can have his wife returned to him. I feel sorry for them because they have a small baby, Obadiah.

Though we do simple doctoring here on the mission, we load up the more seriously ill and drive them to the Matamba clinic. Two of the babies we took recently were found to have bad cases of malaria. They have just moved to the Bible School with their parents from Nyasaland, so apparently they were sick with it when they came. Eldred told me that seven out of ten babies there die with it. That is how serious it is. One of the babies had the measles at the same time. Student Samuel's children turned out to have hookworms and resulting anemia. They have just moved to Ailsa from the Usangu area where hookworms are most prevalent. Another had impetigo. Others had "pink eye" which is also highly infectious. Several patients had small baskets of corn or wheat with which they intended to pay the nurse.

Here at the mission we live at a relatively healthier place than do most Africans. Because of the altitude, there are no mosquitoes. In fact, we do not even have to sleep with mosquito nets which is a blessing. Then, too, Ailsa must be one of the few places in East Africa where water does not have to be boiled first. Even in Dar-es-Salam, the largest town in Tanganyika as well as its capital city, every drop of water has to be boiled. Mbeya is the same, but we do not have that problem. As for our climate here on the mountain, Guy said that if Houston had it, everybody in the States would make a beeline to live there. Healthy and beautiful--that is Ailsa. Lovely poinsettias have been blooming so prettily on the mission grounds ever since we came here. They look just like the ones on the Christmas cards we received last month.

We have come across some strange names

among our students. We have one named Silver (but no Lone Ranger), a Musolini (but no Hitler), and a Samson (though no Delilah). Oddly enough, when Samson first arrived at school, his head had just been shaved (which is their custom if they are in mourning). Another changed his name as Africans sometimes do. When he came here as Anosisiye, which is a typical African name, he changed it to "Landrover" (the name of the British-made jeep). Since the leopard incident here, I have hired a young African girl to watch Lisa for me outdoors. Her name is Nyama-Siagi which, in Swahili, means "Meat Butter." Isn't that a delectable name for you? Still another student is named "License". If it is his middle name, I wonder what his first name is--perhaps "Marriage" or "Hunting" or even "Dog"! One of the student-wives is named "Minus", of all things.

My biggest problem when I teach these student-wives involves languages. My interpreter translates my lesson into Timbuka. However, three of the women do not understand Timbuka. One speaks Basotho and the other two speak Swahili and Kisangu. That is some variety! If we had an interpreter for each of the four languages represented in the class, it would take "forty forevers" as we say to present the lesson each week. My interpreter, by the way, is brother Granwell Ngulube (his last name means "pig"). The first time we had class, he wore a pair of ladies' red high-heels from the barrel of used clothing from the States. It was all I could do to keep from giggling out loud. The next time we met class, I noticed he had sawed an inch or more off each heel. Never mind that the shoes were then slightly off-balanced--Granwell was happy. These Africans--they are often pathetic, sometimes comical, but always interesting.

Many of the local Africans have filed their front teeth down to sharp points. Seems to be one of their customs here which may have originated in days of cannibalism. They now consider it a mark of beauty or a form of decoration. Gideon's front teeth were filed which made them decay and later on, they had to be pulled. In the story of Little Black Riding Hood, it is not a case of "My, what big teeth you have" but "My, what pointed teeth you have!"

A new word has been added to my Swahili vocabulary--"UHURU" meaning "Freedom". On our way into Mbeya, Africans will stand alongside the road and shout this word at us. Of course it is a political word and refers to freedom from a white government. The organization behind this political viewpoint is called "TANU"--which stands for Tanganyika African National Union. We often see this written on cars, on buildings, etc. So far, it is just a word that is shouted at us. I have not particularly sensed any hostility behind it. On the local scene, though, Efrom told us that Chief Solomon of Matamba Village asked our preacher-students, "Are those Americans farming or training preachers?" Our purpose here was explained to him, to which he replied, "Well, if they do not stick to their farming, I am going to drive them out of my country." Let us hope that it is just big talk on his part and that it is not really a serious threat.

Now a word about Chosi. That is the name of the farm at the bottom of the mountain which grows and supplies food for our student families. Although its location is totally separate from the Bible School property at Ailsa, it is still part and parcel of the mission property. Only it is at a much lower altitude and is managed by an

Englishman, Brian Patterson. Actually, it is quite advantageous for us missionaries to have access to a property at the foot of the mountain. There is a garage there, for instance, where we can park our recently acquired Chevie (a second-hand station wagon purchased from the Caskeys, who will be returning to the States in a few months' time). In fact, any vehicle that might be too low-powered to climb up the steep mountain road can be housed at Chosi. As a result Chosi becomes a changing station. We drive down the mountain in our jeep, change it for the Chevie at Chosi, and proceed on into Mbeya. On the way home, we reverse the procedure, again changing vehicles at Chosi which is very handy for us. The main purpose of Chosi, though, remains that of feeding the students at the school. Their staple diet is cornmeal, so you can imagine the corn crop that Chosi boasts.

These two properties that make up Tanganyika Bible School--Ailsa up in the Wanji Mountains and Chosi down below--are both located in the southern highlands of Tanganyika. The property was purchased by three missionaries and has an interesting history. Eldred Echols, Guy Caskey, and Martelle Petty teamed up to both buy and work together on this property. While they were still busy fund-raising, brother Petty sold his car in Pretoria, South Africa, exchanging it for a cheaper mode of transport, a motorcycle. It was a sacrificial move, designed to take the money realized from the sale of the car and apply it towards the down payment of the Tanganyika property. A few days later, however, Martelle was on his way home from the hospital where his wife had just given birth. His motorcycle collided with a car and Martelle lost his life. I have been told that Martelle was once asked about this possibility by some American

Christian: "Brother Petty, what will happen if you go over there to Africa and you get killed?" Apparently, Martelle just smiled sweetly and reassured that brother: "That would be all right. I figure that Africa is just as close to heaven as America is." So the purchase price of the Tanganyika property involved the sacrificial death of one missionary--leaving the other two to carry on the mission project.

February, 1960

We have just had a brand new addition to our student village--the new-born daughter of Raston, second-year student. She was born in their little mud hut with the assistance of two native midwives. We first went to visit the baby when it was only nine hours old. We found it lying on an animal skin on the dirt floor. That night we made a little flannel shirt and matching blanket for the baby, so it will have more than just an animal skin in which to be wrapped. The baby will not be named for a few weeks yet as is their custom. It has something to do with superstition. The father of the baby did name a kitten he recently acquired, however. He named it "Lisa" after you-know-who. All the students are fond of our Lisa as she is the only white child in this area. She is somewhat of a novelty, I would say.

On the Lord's Day last week, we all walked twelve miles to the village of Selemwani. We had been told that the natives there were "crying" for the white man to come; so we went although the village was inaccessible to our jeeps, and we had to walk far. When it was time for us to leave them, three of the native women escorted us out of the village. Such courtesy is their custom. After walking with us to the beginning of the trail, they shook our hands in their own unique way and departed home.

One of our students, Asher, has had to return home for a week. Before an African can marry, he must pay the girl's father eight cows. Although Asher had paid seven of the eight required, his bride-to-be eloped with someone else. Now he has the problem of getting his cows back.

This afternoon I visited our student village to watch the women at their work. Several had gathered to pound their grain in preparation for their main dish, "posho". Pounding involves placing the corn in a wooden urn or mortar and then striking it time and time again with heavy wooden poles. Sometimes two or three women will pound in the same mortar, rhythmically alternating their strokes. If I had asked them for their recipe for posho, it would go something like this: "Clean and pick the corn from the cobs. Soak overnight in water. After draining the corn, place it in the mortar and pound till the husks slip off. Then shake and sift the mixture in a basket until the husks are separated from the kernels. Return the kernels to the mortar and pound until it becomes a very fine meal. Place on woven mats to dry in the sun. Later, bring some water to a boil over the open fire and stir in the meal until it is a thick mush."

The Africans' eating habits are interesting. Other than tea in the early morning, most natives eat with their hands while sitting on the bare floor around the cooking pot. The women eat their food only after the men are finished eating. We think their eating habits strange, and they feel the same about ours. Gideon remarked to me, "You Wazungu (which is their word for white people) are so funny. You eat THREE meals a day, and yet you have only ONE stomach".

This is the heart of the rainy season. It had been raining solidly for two days when I looked out my window to see Fwangua, a little black boy, watering the flowers--in the rain, no less. But he was a smart one because he had his little sister holding an umbrella over his head so he would not get wet. That little girl, by the way, is named "Tabu" meaning "trouble" which is what I will be in if this entry gets much longer, so that is all for now.

March, 1960

I am afraid this is going to sound more like a doctor's report than a missionary's report. That is because I am having to spend a month or more in bed now with Infectious Hepatitis. Already my eyes and skin are so yellow, no wonder they are calling me "Ole Yeller". Judy, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the Caskeys, also has it. In fact, we have had so much sickness since we came to this country that we jokingly refer to this mountain we live on as "Hospital Hill". Guess it is all part of becoming adjusted. Our sponsoring congregation back home sent the following telegram: "Latest news causes serious concern for welfare of Lisa and Donna. Please make every effort to get best care possible at hospital. If necessary make arrangements to return to USA if situation warrants." Though it was tempting to return to the U.S., we decided I could recuperate just as well in

Tanganyika.

Having to stay in bed like this, I have taken advantage of the extra time on my hands to translate some of the hymns in our Swahili hymnbook into English. This will make my own worship more meaningful in the future. Then, too, from magazine pictures from the States, I have been making books to illustrate Bible truths for my class. Several of my students have been in to visit me. They are not accustomed to sitting in chairs and were greatly embarrassed about it, so they ended up sitting cross-legged on the floor beside my bed. Several months ago my Swahili conversation would have been limited to JAMBO ("hello"), HABARI ("how are you?") and KWA HERI ("good-bye"), but this time I must have talked three whole minutes with my visitors in Swahili. I am progressing.

Among my visitors was the new baby I mentioned last time. I am hardly a fashion reporter, but I do want to mention that this tiny baby wore seven strings of beads. She wore beads around her neck, around each little wrist, around each ankle, and two strings around her tummy--and only a month old at that. Need I say more about the natives' love for colored beads?

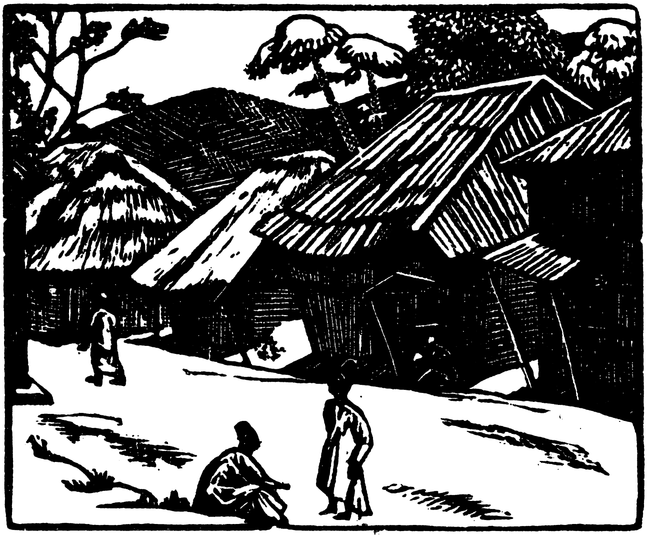
This reminds me, I am now the proud owner of a KANGA, which is the native dress of the Africa woman. After all, I suppose this is the only place in the world where you can get the latest style (the only style as a matter of fact) for only thirteen shillings ($1.80). The KANGA is simply a large, rectangular length of brightly-colored cloth which the women wrap around their bodies like a sarong. Often they wear a matching KANGA around their shoulders which doubles as a carrier for the baby on their back. Mine has a large map of Africa on it and the Swahili words, "Africa is the same now and forever." I will be delighted to model it for you when we come home sometime on missionary furlough. Is it a date?

Africans get their letters "l" and "r" mixed up when they speak. Before we knew this, imagine our surprise when a native boy insisted that Sister Caskey give him some of her lice. Of course, he meant to say RICE! Then another of our students came to report that there were no "wrong locks" needed for his garden job. Naturally he meant to say LONG ROCKS.

Another interesting thing to note is that because of certain Swahili expressions, no one here ever takes any blame for a mishap. One of the native workers brought a broken glass from my kitchen. "It has died," he explained in his language. When I asked him who broke it, he replied, "It broke itself." I had a hard time believing that one. Wouldn't you?

It is not surprising to me that the newest word in Lisa's English vocabulary is "snake". That is because five poisonous ones were discovered in our yard within a week's time. Her Swahili is also coming along and being in that two-year-old independent stage now, her favorite word is HAPANA (meaning "no"), and we hear it from dawn to dusk.

I better close now before I see spots before my eyes. Five new babies have been seen in this area--baby leopards, that is. They were spotted strolling along with their mama, pretty as you please. Then a few nights ago, a leopard was seen here in our front yard again. See what I mean? Spots before our very eyes!



April, 1960

At last Yellow Jaundice is no longer my guest. Little Lisa only had a light case of it, but I was in bed seven weeks with it. It is good now to be up and about again. Yesterday Fraston came to see me. He said something to me in Swahili, stuttering badly as he always does. When I finally confessed I could not understand, he said very slowly in English, still stuttering, "I g-g-grieved when you were s-s-sick." For obvious reasons, he is my favorite student--ever since he gave me my Christmas present of two eggs, remember?

I am anxious to begin teaching again. It would do your heart good to hear the children sing "Jesus

Loves Me" in Swahili. I asked them last time to bring something to class for which they were thankful. What an assortment they brought. A few had flowers, but most came with handfuls of green beans, corn, etc., and one little girl came in balancing a small pan of potatoes on her head. Of all that they possess, poverty-stricken people are most thankful for food.

We have had quite a lot of excitement around here lately. A native boy rushed in saying he had seen a big leopard near our house in broad open daylight. School was interrupted so that the men could grab their guns. Together with all the students who were armed with sticks, knives and axes, they left to chase down the leopard. They had in mind to surround the area and gradually close in on him, but the leopard is a crafty animal and he escaped. The men returned empty-handed. Then an eleven-foot-long python was killed down at Chosi, the lower farm to this property. With its powerful coils, it had already succeeded in squeezing its victim, one of our goats, to death before the native boy got to the snake with a big stick. Now you can understand why it is imperative that we have someone watch Lisa for me when she plays outdoors. The first young girl I hired had no shoes so I bought her some. She refused to wear them for fear of wearing them out. Day after day I saw her coming to work carrying the shoes lovingly in her arms. The one working for me now is named "Ambeliana Tusigulilage Mbwanyi", a long but typically African sounding name.

I have learned another interesting eating habit of the African. We were out on the porch with Samweli when he thrust his hand up into the air, caught something, and popped it into his mouth. It turned out to be a large insect similar to our grasshopper called a "Flying White Ant". I had heard the Africans consider them a delicacy, but I thought they fried them first before eating them. Now I know differently. That is not exactly my idea of a gourmet meal.

The custom of polygamy is not widely practiced in this country except among the village chiefs. Chief Solomon of our immediate area has seven wives, no less. I think he is trying to live up to his name.

During this rainy season, several students have had malaria which they contracted before coming to live at this high altitude where we have no mosquitoes. We ourselves still take daily pills to prevent any possibility of getting malaria as we do come into contact with mosquitoes whenever we leave our mountain from time to time. You can imagine their bitter taste when I tell you how Lisa reacts to them. Whenever I give her one of the pills, she ducks her head away from me and protests, "Shoo, Mommy, nasty!" They are, too. The bitterness is so vile you can hardly swallow a pill without a shudder. Counting us, all three missionary families really dote on Lisa. This may be the Dark Continent, but she is our little ray of sunshine on the mission.

May, 1960

Our six-month rainy season seems to be on its last legs. It is good to see the sunshine again after all these months of daily rain. "The rain in Spain may stay mainly on the plain," but here in Tanganyika, East Africa, our mountain mission has had more than its share of the wet stuff.

Another baby was born this month down at our student village. The new mother came to me a few days later for medicine. I inquired as to which name had been selected for the child. The mother of the baby looked startled, scratched her head a few moments in deep thought, then finally admitted, "I have forgotten." This shows you how much importance the natives attach to names--none! Imagine forgetting your own child's name.

At last our soil has produced black-eyed peas for the first time this year. Yesterday we canned twelve quarts of them. They are certainly yummy, and make us a wee bit homesick for the "good old South," I might add.

Last week I taught the flannelgraph story of "The Birth of Christ" to my class. I asked each child to bring a gift for Christ next time, even as the Wisemen of long ago brought gifts to Him. Sure enough, all but one remembered. All together they brought a whole thirty-three cents. What they lacked in cash, they made up for in spirit. I love teaching this group of children.

Several students from Nyasaland speak a little English in addition to their native dialects. When a student slipped up behind Frankly to scare him, the startled Frankly exclaimed, "You scared me frightened." We wonder if, when Frankly has a son one day, he will name him "Ernest"?

Having been sick so long with hepatitis, we thought it advisable to go to Dar-es-Salaam for a medical check-up. While there we visited the nearby island of Zanzibar, only forty-five miles away. The island measured up to all my expectations. It has tall palm trees silhouetted against the blue tropical skies, spice-laden air, and many kinds of foreign peoples encountered in the marketplaces.

We saw African women of the Mohammedan religion dressed in black garments which completely cover them except for a slit for their eyes. This is their idea of modesty. Then there were Indian women dressed colorfully in their long gowns called "saris." They have waist-length black braids and wear a spot of red ink or paint in the middle of their forehead. This designates them as a Hindu. We also saw English men, dressed spotlessly in their white safari suits and knee-length socks. The most interesting, however, were the Arabs in their dirty robes and huge towel-like turbans. Hanging from their belts were long, curved daggers. It is said that an Arab never draws his knife and returns it to his belt without its having fresh blood on it--even if it means he must inflict a wound on his own body to get it. One also sees on Zanzibar those people who have been found guilty of adultery who have been punished by having their nose cut off.

Our guide informed us that to own land on Zanzibar, a white man would have to do two things: (1) accept the Mohammedan religion, and (2) marry an Arab wife. Of course, a Mohammedan can have as many as four wives. The island is presently dominated by Catholics, Mohammedans and Hindus. There is not, as far as we know, even one member of the Lord's church on the entire island.

We arrived home from our trip to find we had had a visitor during our absence. Pushing aside a stack of magazines in the living room, we discovered a thirty-eight inch snake skin which had been shed there. Our poisonous guest had long since escaped, but he left his skin behind, no doubt, as a calling card.

June, 1960

This "merry month of May" found us moving into another house. Two weeks ago the Guy Caskey family returned permanently to America, so we are now living in the house they occupied. It is an old house of German construction built around 1930, but it is nice and big. I know we will enjoy it once we get settled.

The end of the school year has arrived. Jane and I prepared a feast for all our student families. There were ninety to prepare for, so we cooked eighty pounds of meat with curry as well as sixty pounds of rice. The rice alone filled two wash-tubs! We also baked over two hundred biscuits to serve with jam and made countless pots of hot tea. The feast was a grand success and after ward, the students entertained us with the rhythmic boom-boom-boom of the tom-toms and tribal singing.

Unfortunately, while cutting up the meat for the feast I also cut my hand. It quickly became infected and developed into blood poisoning, so I have had to spend five days in the Mbeya hospital. I guess that is what I get for being such a big cut-up.

If you were to read one of my menus here you would see the word "bushbuck". It is an animal of the antelope family. Two of them were recently killed here, so our meat has been supplied for weeks to come. Also killed on our property lately was a snake four and a half feet in length and another leopard. Everyone said it was the largest leopard they had ever seen. It weighed 131 pounds and was seven feet and one inch long. Its skin will make someone a beautiful rug.

Many of our student families have returned to their home villages until the new school year begins again in August. Among them are the Mokokas from the Basotho tribe in South Africa. Since Belina Mokoka was the only one of the student wives who could speak any English, Jane and I held a private Bible study with her each week, studying different women of the Bible. Belina is the most educated of all the women here, having gone through the seventh grade in school. She also knows six languages including Zulu.

Our neighboring village of Kitekelo is a thirty minute walk from here over a narrow and winding footpath. The village appeared to be deserted when we visited it, but soon we felt quite like the Pied Piper of Hamlin must have felt for about twenty native children were scampering along behind us. Their baby brothers and sisters were not quite so brave. Most of them screamed and cried whenever we drew near. Evidently they were not accustomed to seeing white faces.

We have just returned from a visit to our fellow-missionaries in Nyasaland, the country to our South. To get there we had to go through a corner of Northern Rhodesia which was my first visit in either of those countries. Our Nyasaland Christians speak the Chitumbuka language, and at church they greeted us with the words, WOOLY-WOOLY, which means, "How are you?" We returned home from Nyasaland counting our blessings. Missionaries there have to get all their water from a river, roll it up the hill in barrels to their houses, then boil every drop before it can be used. In our area we are blessed with pure drinking water that does not even have to be boiled first. Our showers of blessings here include a natural spring which provides us with pure drinking water. We constantly thank God "from whom all blessings flow."

July, 1960

You have heard the expression, "Well, that will be a cold day in July!" Well, it is a cold day in July right here in Tanganyika. This is our coldest month of the year aided and abetted by the fact that we live at an altitude of 6500 feet. It really is a topsy-turvey world when you consider that folks back home are enjoying the "good old summertime".

Lisa and I have just had to spend another two weeks in the Mbeya Hospital. A few weeks ago a village dog came into our back yard and bit the cat. The dog was rabid and now the cat is. Lisa had to be given the one-shot-a-day treatment for rabies, because the cat scratched Lisa while they were playing together. The rabies treatment is most unpleasant and especially for a little child's tender skin. Lisa eventually got to the point where she would begin crying whenever the doctor in his white uniform entered the room. All the injections are given in the tummy, so by the fourteenth day and the fourteenth injection, Lisa's stomach looked much the worse for the wear, poor little thing. The reason they admitted Lisa at the hospital was because we live too far out of town to drive back and forth every day for two weeks. I was grateful when they provided me with accommodation so that I could stay with her the two week period.

We finally received our first visitors from America--brother and sister Joe Knight from Fort Worth's Oaklawn congregation who help support this work. The Knights came primarily to hunt big game. Since school had been dismissed we took advantage of the situation to get away from the routine of school life and take the Knights on a short safari. We drove in our jeep one hundred miles out onto the Plains, and there we camped by the Ruaha River which is the home of both crocodiles and hippos. A professional croc-hunter shot two while we were there, one of them measuring fourteen feet long. When we went to sleep each evening, it was to the sound of the hippos snorting and splashing in the water nearby.

Besides being close enough for the men to supervise the building of church buildings in that area, one of the purposes of the hunt was to bring back lots of meat for our students to eat. Each animal killed, therefore, was brought back to camp and skinned. Then the meat was cut up into long strips to be hung out on lines in the sun to dry. The Africans love this dried meat or "Biltong" as it is called. With the smell of fresh meat about the camp we had visitors every night--hungry hyennas. They are very much cowards, and yet their howling in the African night can sound quite scary at times.

One night brother Echols awoke us whispering that elephants were just across the river from us. They say that elephants sleep standing up but from the sounds of it, this herd was not sleeping at all. As we listened there in the darkness, we could hear them stomping about and crushing river reeds and branches underneath their massive feet. Luckily, the wind was in our favor, so that the elephants could not catch our scent. Finally, they passed on away from us. Had we made a noise or shown a light, this might have been a different story.

Since that hunt Al has been calling me his "Great White Huntress". That is because I shot an impala and a topi (both are antelopes) and a zebra. The latter weighed in at 500 pounds! It was quite an experience for me. As a result of our safari, we have eaten a variety of meats: meatloaf made from buffalo, sausage from hippo meat (it tastes surprisingly like pork although the name "hippo" itself means "river-horse"), fillet steaks from antelopes, and even zebra stew (ugh--the fat is yellow!). Just give me good old beef every time.

We did not see a single leopard on the safari for the simple reason that I believe they are all up on our mountain. The other night, as we were rounding the last curve of that mountain road, the headlights of the jeep fell upon a leopard just sitting there in the road. We were surprised to see him there and I think he was no less startled to see us because he leaped up and melted into the night. A few days later another leopard was shot on our lower farm here. There have been so many that by now, we have lost count of the leopards' spots. We occasionally see an eland, too, on the mountain road. He is the largest of the antelopes and measures almost six feet tall. That is a big buck in any man's language.

August, 1960

This finds us at the beginning of our second school year here at Tanganyika Bible School. Classes were resumed on the first although not all our students had returned by that time. Two student wives are still being held by the authorities at the Rhodesian border, because they lack passports. Among our new students is a wife who, like the Indian women in this country, wears a gold "jewel" pierced in one side of her nose. It is rather fancy for these parts. Another new one is Sophie, Robetcher's wife, who is daring enough to wear lipstick. Yesterday at worship, the owner of those cherry-red lips (or rather, cherry-red face as it was smeared rather badly) smiled at me rather self-consciously.

Foster, a young man who is Timbuka, preached the sermon on the subject of the husband being head over the wife. I found it hard to keep a straight face during church because Foster kept using the word "subconscious" instead of "subjection". Over and over again he directed the question, "Are you in subconscious to your husband?" Apparently he was NOT conscious of the meaning of SUB-conscious.

Also at church yesterday three of our student-couples broke the old African custom of the husbands sitting apart from their wives. Ordinarily, the men sit on the front benches while their wives occupy the back benches. Yesterday, however, Fraston, License, and Silver all proudly took their places beside their wives. The other Africans present chuckled audibly and ridiculed the three sitting alongside their wives. Alfred, shaking his head from side to side in disapproval, exclaimed, "Some people!" By the way, it is literally true that every African man is the head of his wife. In public gatherings he sits ahead of his wife, in the home he eats ahead of his wife, and along the foot trails he always walks ahead of his wife.

With so many at our school it is but inevitable that there is usually some sickness among them. School had no sooner started when we found it necessary to take four of them in the jeep to the native clinic nearby. The four included two student wives; Asson, who had both malaria and a badly infected arm; and Mussolini, who had worms, a very common ailment among Africans.

We recently travelled to the distant village of

Lulanga to worship with more than thirty who live in that area. Their tall warriors are greatly feared by other African tribes. The Masai tribe has the reputation of being very fierce and war-like. They are the ones who drink milk mixed with cow's blood drawn straight from the veins of the living animal.

They wear their hair hardened into ringlets with red clay, and their ear-lobes have been so stretched that they dangle down onto their shoulders. Trademarks of the Masai are the bracelets and leg bands made of copper wire--wire they ripped down from telephone lines. With their spears, brightly colored beads, and great hooped ear-rings, the Masai are certainly picturesque. No wonder they feel superior to all other people. Their saying goes, "There are three races--the Masai, the white people, and the natives".

Gideon, who works for me, just came in with twenty-five fresh cuts across his forehead from one end to the other. It seems that he had a bad headache, and so he went to one of his African friends for treatment. The friend had simply cut Gideon's forehead in those twenty-five places with a razor blade. With friends like that, who needs enemies? Then the friend had inserted into each wound the black stuff from the ends of burnt matches. Gideon merely laughed when I accused his friend of being a witchdoctor. To the contrary, he still insists that the treatment by his friend is what cured him. Even though Gideon gives his friend such a high recommendation, I think we will stick to our German doctor in Mbeya.

September, 1960

On the first of this month, the Africans were scheduled to get their independence here in Tanganyika and take over the government from the British. Although trouble such as in the Congo did not develop here after all, we did not have to be persuaded that the first of September might be an ideal time to leave the country for awhile. Travelling together with the Echols, we drove to Swaziland to investigate the possibilities of setting up a Preachers' Training School there someday. Put on your imaginary cap and come along with me on our trip. The first 645 miles are over dirt roads with flat monotonous bush country on either side. Then we come to "strip paving" in Rhodesia. This type of road consists of two narrow paved strips, one for each tire. The rest of the road is dirt, so we still do not escape the thick African dust. And ohhh, the numerous detours. One road sign brings a grin to our faces as it reads, "This road detour is most awful." We agree. Now our car enters a dark shed off the road where it is sprayed for the tsetse fly. We are amazed to see native women nonchalantly riding bicycles and even fishing knee deep in water with babies tied to their backs all the while. Now we see another road sign: "Watch for game on the road for the next thirty-three miles." It is then that we count eleven giraffes, some of whom would measure eighteen to nineteen feet tall, grazing amid the tree tops. Passing on into a game reserve a sign warns, "Elephants country: visitors are warned to stay in the car and not to proceed within fifty yards of an elephant." Leaving there we see native girls of the Xhosa tribe wearing their characteristic red blankets. They are followed by Zulu girls with their clay-hardened hairdos and dozens of copper bracelets stacked up knee-high from their ankles. Turning onto the Swazi road, several little natives are dancing, and we slow our speed. They take this opportunity to thrust their wares into our windows--birds and figurines crudely carved from wood. Not caring for money in exchange for their goods, they beg, "Sweets, Mister, sweets!" That's probably the only two English words they know--"sweets (for candy) and "Mister." And now, journey's end. Enjoy your trip?

After living in bush country for a year, the trip to Swaziland put new blood into our veins. We spent one evening at Ňamwianga Mission in Northern Rhodesia, enjoying the association we so seldom get with fellow-missionaries. Then, too, we were able several times to get special American foods we can't get in Tanganyika--like hamburgers, malts, milk shakes, and, once, even a "Foot-long-hotdog". So even with the dreary rains beginning here soon, we returned from our journey greatly refreshed for our work here.

Yesterday a native boy brought in one of our puppies which had been missing. The boy had found it caught in one of the native's traps nearby. A general practice of Africans is to set traps like that for meat. Last week Paswell, a student, caught a bushbuck (antelope) in his trap. Little Lisa got all mixed up and referred to it as a "bush-bucket".

I guess all missionaries have to double as a purchaser at times. At least, every time we go into town for supplies, students request that we purchase things for them, too. I have a typical list before me of things to buy for our students: "Lifebuoy soap, shoebrush, two slate pencils, Drum Magazine (an African publication), a mousetrap, and

'S&S Worm Medicine'". Mussolini is the one who requested worm medicine. He is the same fellow who wrote the Echols one time and signed his letter, "From your thin boy." Now we know why.

October, 1960

Our big news is that next spring two new missionaries are going to join us here. Isn't that wonderful? One is to arrive in March and the other in April. We do not know their names yet, but we do know that they will be the youngest missionaries on the field at that time. Have you guessed yet? Yes, both the Hornes and the Echols are expecting babies.

Speaking of new babies, one of our student-wives checked into the Mbeya Hospital to have her baby. Not even forty-eight hours later, she left the hospital with the baby tied onto her back, rode the bus out to Chimala, climbed the five-vertical miles up the mountain, and then walked on over to the school. What is that saying? "Never underestimate the power of a woman" and, let me add, especially an African woman. That climb up the mountain is an arduous one at the best of times, much less with a new baby along.

We started an additional class each week for the children. Lisa attends and usually sits there on the front bench with one arm around Salome and the other around Tuvinili, her two best friends. Can't you just picture that? We so impressed Lisa with the story of creation and the fact that God made everything that now she answers every question with, "God did!" For example, when I asked her who scribbled in her new storybook with a crayon, Lisa brightly replied without hesitation, "God did." It was not exactly the right answer but, you must admit, it did cover "a multitude of sins" on her part.

Jane and I have just accompanied our husbands back out to Lulanga Village out on the plains. The distance is only fifty-nine miles from here, but it takes a good five hours in the jeep to reach it because the roads (those are roads??) are so terrible. You strike out and make your own, you know. We spent the night and the next morning there. We had no sooner awakened when village children began crowding into the mud-brick building in which we were staying. Honestly, there is absolutely no limit to the African's curiosity of white people. They will sit right there and peer into your face for hours on end. We seem to fascinate them beyond words. Rastoni, our native preacher there, had told the children that a "white mama" was coming to teach them a Bible story. I had arranged my class for ten o'clock, only to discover the children were so eager they had been waiting since six a.m. As a teacher, I must say I have never had such rapt attention before, for those children had never seen a flannelgraph story before. Afterwards, we gave each child a penny-sucker decorated to represent Noah whom we had studied. Candy is such a rare treat for them, they were thrilled to bits.

The next time our husbands went to Lulanga, Jane and I elected to stay at home. We stayed all alone here on the mountain for the first time--an idea we did not relish at all. We only had two visitors during the night, though. The first was a bat who flew about in our bedroom and the second, according to reports the next morning, was a leopard on the premises. After our experiences alone that night, Jane and I both agree that, as the song goes, "It is so nice to have a man about the house".

Yesterday I inquired as to the health of a certain student's baby. The father of the child told me, "My child is bloodless." He meant "anemic". I was nearly as surprised to hear that as I was when another student came up and asked me for medicine "to wash his blood." Now I have heard everything.

November, 1960

With all our students out among the villages preaching now, it has been unusually quiet around here. Then last night an emergency situation arose. Granwell came hurrying up to say that his little daughter had drunk some kerosene. Although she was made to drink some milk and even some mustard and salt water as well, we ended up having to rush her in the jeep to the clinic. The nurse there treated her and the little girl was allowed to return home. It was a close call. In times of real emergency like that, it makes us realize just how isolated we are here at our mountain mission.

On Halloween night while many of you were entertaining goblins and witches, Jane and I had a visitor. She and I were staying here alone again because our husbands had made still another overnight trip to Lulanga. When I heard what I assumed was Lisa crying from her little bed, I got up to investigate, only to discover it was a hyenna howling outside in the light. Leopard footprints can also be seen in the dust most mornings. One of our puppies failed to return to his pen one night. I guess he featured on a leopard's supper menu.

African expressions will never cease to amaze me. A student complaining of a stomach-ache came for medicine. He explained his condition by saying, "My stomach is crying." Then also a group of student-wives came to me asking for used clothing. This time the request sounded strange to me because of the Swahili they used: "NA TAKA TAKA-TAKA". This sounded like double talk to me, but then most African dialects do. She was actually requesting something cheap in the line of clothing.

In order to complete the construction of the new mud-brick church building at the village of Mapunga, we took a group of builders to work there. Upon our arrival at the village, the oldest Christian woman came out to greet us. Her wrinkled black face beamed at all of us. Her appreciation for the new church building's construction was so great that she took my hand and kissed it. This is the same old woman whom many of our students go to with their sick children for African medicine or "dawa". The old woman attaches bits of wood to strings and ties them around the sick one's tummy. Then hocus-pocus, according to the Africans, the child returns to good health.

Our American visitors last June were surprised when we served them homemade ice cream. With our kerosene refrigerators which produce ice, though, and thanks to a little hand-cranked freezer, we often enjoy it. Recently we treated thirteen-year-old Trombone to his first taste of ice cream. He disappeared with his bowl and returned immediately without it. We knew he could not have already eaten it in such a hurry. Finally, he admitted that it was too cold to eat, so he had taken it to the kitchen to warm it up. You can imagine his dismay when he later discovered a pool of milk where his ice cream had been. He will know better next time.

December, 1960

Can you hear the tump-tump of the village drums? Even as I write this, the natives of Kitekelo are already busy celebrating Christmas. From our front porch we can hear the drums in the distance which really gives our own Christmas a very definite flavor of Africa. At Chimala Village this afternoon we were surrounded by crowds of dancing Africans. The men and boys all had branches of leaves tucked into their belts and back pockets, making some of them appear quite savage. The women in their colorful KANGAS were decked out in flowers, and some even had on men's hats adorned with blossoms. They all had one thing in common, and that was their enthusiasm for the dance. All were bathed in perspiration for Africans dance just as they sing--with all their hearts!

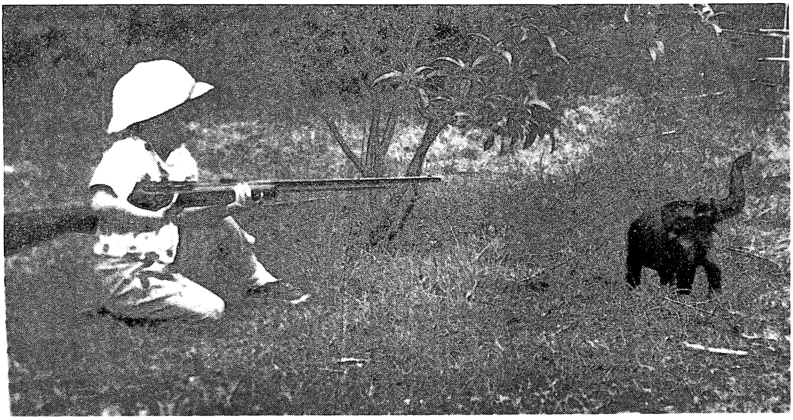
While many in the States were enjoying the traditional "White Christmas", here in East Africa we are sure to have a wet Christmas. Our rainy season began last week, and it has rained practically every day since. Even when it came time for the distribution of gifts at the student village it was raining. Among other gifts, the girls were presented with dolls. Having never owned a dolly before, you can imagine how thrilled they were. They were especially fascinated because the dolls' eyes open and close. Their parents were equally pleased when each family received some sugar and five pounds of meat for their holiday feast. Al and brother Echols had gone hunting the day before to provide this meat and had returned with two large antelopes.

Perhaps because Africans consider them a special treat, fried grasshoppers were being sold in the Mbeya marketplace last week. A native asked us if we wanted to buy some. I don't think I have to tell you our answer.

One of the newest arrivals here is the baby son of one of our students. His name is an odd one--"Sina Furaha", which means "Without joy or happiness". Lisa misunderstood his name and calls him "Sina Ha-ha-ha." One of the new students has the name of "Jumaa" meaning Friday, so Robinson Crusoe had nothing on those of us living here for we also have "Our man, Friday". The strangest name, though, that we have come upon recently belongs to an old man at Chosi. His name is "Ngombe Kalanga" which is Swahili for "Cow Peanuts". They must have scraped the bottom of the barrel for that one.

Another villager at Chosi plans to marry soon. A distinguishing feature about him is that every night he sleeps with a goat. Why, you asked? You will remember that the African tribes have the custom of the bride-price. A groom must pay his prospective father-in-law eight cows or its equivalent. This fellow only has one goat so far to pay for his bride. With leopards as numerous at Chosi as they are, he realizes that if the goat were to run loose at night it would surely be eaten. So-o-o he sleeps with the old goat every night. That is enough to give anyone nightmares.

Were visitors to drop in today, I am sure we would end up sitting before the fireplace. Today is misty and cold, and just now when I opened my front door, a cloud came rolling in. Living on this

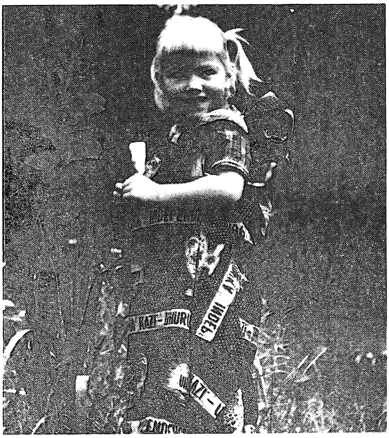


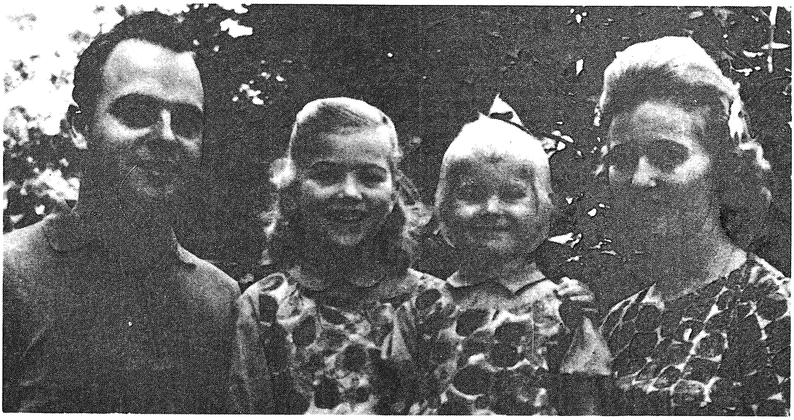
13. Lisa tries her skill at bagging an elephant!

14. Lisa & 3-year-old Soneda on the tricycle we bought her from the States. Such a bright playday! And just look at his little tongue — it's as pink as cotton candy too! Playmates in Tanganyika, 1960.

15. Lynda with her friend "Mr. Scratch," our adopted monkey.

16. Lisa with her dolly on her back, wearing the native cloth, the KANGA.



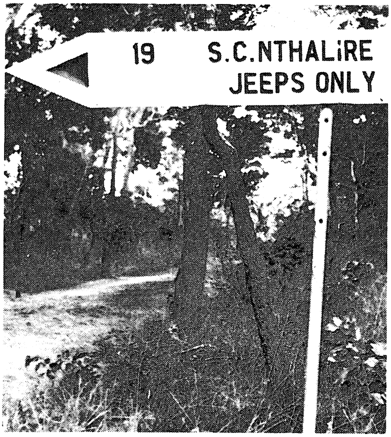


17. The Horne family during their 5-year stay in Tanganyika. Left to right: Al, Lisa, Lynda & Donna.

18. Lisa and Donna showing off the latter's birthday cake made and iced by Al. It reads in Swahili "Furaha Kwa Bibi Yanga Siku Kuu" (happiness to my wife on her birthday).

19. With filling stations being few and far between in East Africa, it is a real boon to have an extra tank installed somewhere on your jeep. With my extra 20-gallon tank on the top of my jeep, I am able to fill up at Mbeya and travel a long distance.

20. Roads in Africa are often impassible to vehicles other than jeeps.

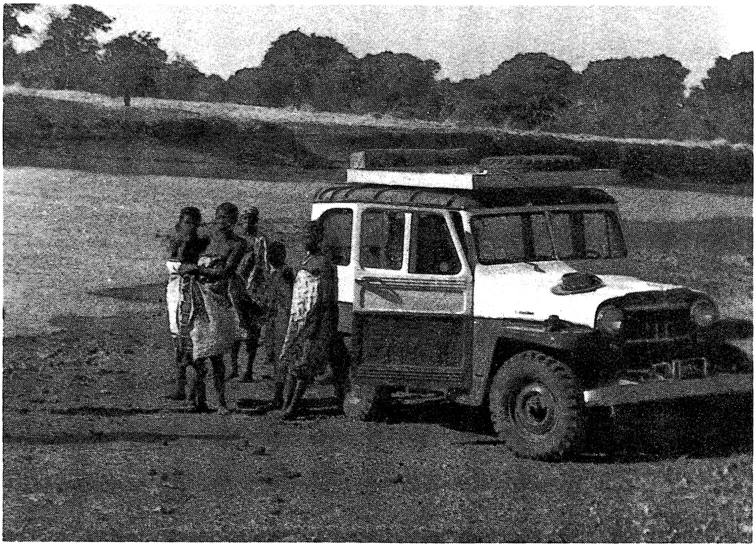


21. On the way to Lulanga — the Echols' jeep, our jeep, and the tractor, which was hauling lumber and some of our students who were to assist in making bricks for the new church building there. In helping the brethren to erect church buildings in various villages, supervision was necessary in many instances as well as negotiations with local chiefs and headmen — and so we found it advisable to be at the various building sites.

22. Often during the rainy season, trees fall across our mountain road, blocking it. Luckily, on this occasion Al had his axe and a student to help him cut it away so we could pass on by.

23. Aren't picnics fun! See Lisa wearing her green baseball hat? It's way too big, but she loves it. She's "hat crazy" anyway. Eldred & Jane Echols, Donna & Lisa Horne.

24. Some of you might recall our writing concerning the baptisms in the crocodile-infested river, the Ruaha, where it becomes necessary to "guard" the scene in case any uninvited guests show up.



mountain at such a high altitude, we are often enveloped in clouds like this during the rainy season. I must admit that ordinarily we are quite down-to-earth missionaries, but today we are walking about with our heads in the clouds--literally.

January, 1961

Two weeks ago, because the skies held no threat of rain, we made a quick trip by jeep out to Lulanga Village on the plains. We were only halfway home again, however, when big drops began to fall. Soon small lakes of water covered the plains. To make matters worse, previous rains had caused the grass to grow and cover the "road" our men had cut through the bush to the village. Unable to find the road in places, we got lost time and time again. We also got stuck in the mud the usual number of times. Soon it grew dark and we stopped our wanderings in the drizzling blackness just long enough to consult our compass. To our chagrin, we discovered we had been travelling in the exact opposite direction from home. Finally, we stumbled upon a village, and there an old native man volunteered to walk in front of our jeeps in the headlights to direct us onto the proper trail leading home. This he did, and we arrived here on the mountain after ten p.m. It was such a long and tiring day--oh, the joys of living in bush Africa.

At our lower farm (just seven miles away), two more leopards have been shot. A black mamba, which is the most deadly of Africa's poisonous snakes, bit one of the dogs there. Even though the dog was rushed back to the house and given a shot from the snake bite kit, he died within four minutes. Think of it--four minutes. That makes me want to tie Lisa to my apron-strings next time we visit the farm. The property there abounds in leopards and snakes, though I suppose we have our fair share of wild "critters" up here on the mountain, too.

Recently a native came requesting that we change his thirty shillings (in paper money) into copper coins. I don't know if it is because of some superstition or not, but Africans in this area safeguard their money by burying it beneath their fireplaces. Maybe they simply hide it there to prevent its being stolen. Of course, being copper coins, the money cannot be destroyed there by fire. Coins here have holes in the middle of them, by the way. They say it is so they can string them around their neck. All the garments the natives wear here don't boast pockets.

The African menu that rated a doubletake from me read, "Flying White Ants, Fried". I have seen them eaten raw, which is bad enough, but to go to the trouble of actually frying them. Either way, yuk. One of the Africans justified their eating this insect. He explained that because these white ants fly about and live in the air, they are really much cleaner than the pigs we eat who wallow about down in the barnyard. His logic apparently satisfied him, but as for me, I still prefer my pink pork to his white ants.

Until one day this month, we had never heard the drums of Kitekelo except at Christmas time. Had I been more conceited on this particular day, I would have supposed the drums were being played in my honor since it was my birthday. In reality, though, a wedding was being held in the village and the local people were celebrating it. A village youth later brought over his films of the ceremony to be developed by Al. In contrast to the village background and simple native surroundings, the bride was dressed in true European style, complete with bridal veil and flowers in her arms. Any native man would have been proud to pay eight cows for such a bride.

February, 1961

Because of daily rains, this has been a good time for working in my flowerbeds. Notice I said "has been" when I should have said "was" (past tense). My enthusiasm for gardening was understandably dampened when last week a student reported to Al, "Sir, there is a snake in the left flowerbed". It turned out to be a poisonous night adder, two and a half feet in length. Even after Al killed it, the deadly fangs of the adder were still working. Call me a sissy if you like, but ever since then I have been afraid I would reach in for a flower or a weed and come out with a snake.

The wild animals have just about taken over this place. For three nights in a row, our students reported the visits of a leopard in their village. Then the natives of Kitekelo are having to spend each night in their fields to keep the baboons and wild hogs from eating their corn crops. Simon set a trap in his field and luckily caught a duiker antelope which can feed his family for several days. He did well to actually catch one. I understand that the name "Duiker" means "diver", because when he is in danger he literally dives down into the thick underbrush and disappears instantly from sight. Besides, the duiker is a very shy little animal.

Wild mushrooms abound now but you have to watch out for the poisonous kind. Lisa came in with a big one she had picked the other evening, exclaiming, "I found a big mushmellow for my cocoa." I promptly replaced it with a marshmellow. You cannot buy the latter here, but thanks to a good recipe and some gelatin, we make our own--and they are pretty luscious, too!

We entertained our students and their families by showing them colored slides we have taken of them during the year. Their noisy comments attested to their great delight in seeing themselves on the screen. We heard, "Look at Noah! Isn't Noah handsome? Everybody look at Noah!" Turning around, we discovered that the fellow doing all the shouting about Noah was none other than Noah himself.

A visitor from distant Lulanga, a youth, had never before been inside a white man's house, so Brother Echols showed him around the different rooms. He marvelled at the beds and when he touched the ice from the refrigerator, his eyes were as big as saucers. He was really impressed with everything he saw. I would love to have been a fly on the wall when he told everyone back home what all he had seen up at the mission.

Last time we were in Mbeya, we noticed that in one Indian shop, some tropical fruit leaves were strung across the doorway. I was told they were put there "to drive the evil spirits away." So the Indians, you see, are almost as superstitious in their religious beliefs as the African. The Indian who is our watchmaker is also the town's photographer. Al's barber is also a watchmaker on the sideline. The service station man will sell you tea, the stationer will sell you concrete, and the customs' agent in the post office operates a dry-cleaning shop. The Mbeya Indians are "Jack-of-all-trades" you might say, and in some instances "Master-of-none". We have had no electricity now for almost three weeks because we were unable to get the battery attended to in Mbeya.

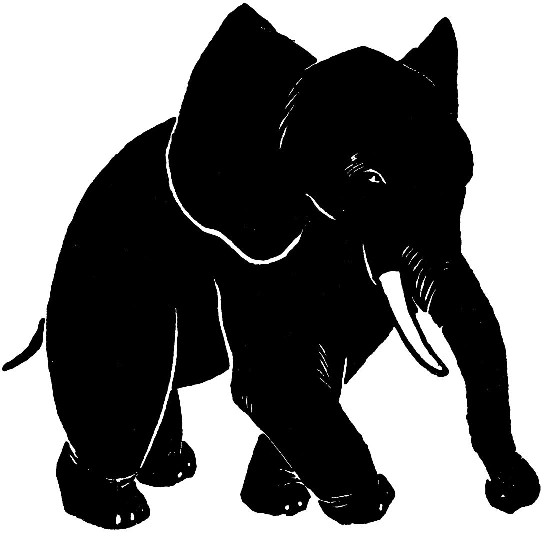
Well, today is dear old George Washington's birthday. Like him, I cannot tell a lie--I am glad February is on its way out. That is because we Hornes are anxiously awaiting the arrival of our newest little antler in March. Because we live so far out of Mbeya and because the rains have so washed our mountain road, the doctor advised me to come into town a week or so early. The other night we heard a weird whistling about dusk. Looking out we saw perhaps forty or fifty wild storks settled in the trees about our house. We had been expecting the stork all right, but not so soon nor so many.

March, 1961

There is an old saying, "All things come to those who wait". We Hornes were wondering just how long we'd have to wait in Mbeya before this adage proved true for us. We spent two whole weeks in Mbeya, awaiting our "blessed event". Al said it must be a girl baby because only a female could keep you waiting that long. Sure enough, Lynda Carol came to live with us on the thirtieth. Though she was ten days late, she made her debut rather quickly. My doctor, a German, did not make it back to the hospital in time, so an Asian mid-wife delivered the baby. Lynda was born in the Government Hospital, and it was a real relief to be able to telegraph my folks, "Both mother and baby are doing fine." Because of its being Easter holiday weekend, the cablegram took a long twenty-six hours to reach my folks. By then it was April Fool's Day, but it was no joke. Our little bush baby was here at last.

Staying at the Mbeya Hotel, we saw many nationalities come and go. The first day we met some Finnish Missionaries. Other hotel guests included French folks from the Belgian Congo, South Africans from Cape Town, and one evening, a huge moving van rolled onto the lawn belonging to a group of White Settlers moving from Kenya. Then, because there is no color bar in this country, some of our hotel neighbors have also included Africans.

Lisa is unaccustomed to seeing other white people up where we live on the mountain. Even in Mbeya, as one would expect, whites are far outnumbered by the other races. The other day in the marketplace, Lisa suddenly became excited, "Look," she shouted, "There is a white man!" And she said it in the same tone of voice Columbus must have used when he discovered America. The Mohammedan population in Mbeya is really large as most of the Indians are Mohammedans as well as many of the Africans. This past month has been of special religious significance to the Mohammedans as it was a month of fasting. They fasted from early morning till sunset. I thought it was interesting how the fast was officially ended last week. Mr. Jiwa, our Indian grocer, told me that if the people were able to see the moon that evening in the heavens, then the fast would end the following day. Sure enough, the moon did appear that night and so there followed two days of celebration and feasting. Another Mohammedan requirement is that they attend evening prayers in their temple every single day of the year.



April, 1961

Just as Al has accused me of "playing dolls" these past few days, now Lisa has not one, but two real live dolls to play with. On the twenty-fourth, Jane Echols left here and rushed into the hospital. Having no telephone service between here and Mbeya and not being allowed to visit a new mother until the fourth day, we waited here at Ailsa in suspense until yesterday. It seems strange that because of the circumstances, the Echols' relatives in America knew about their new addition before we did. We are only sixty miles out of Mbeya and because of the rough roads and the absence of a phone, "we are so near and yet so far," as they say.

I must have really enjoyed my stay at the Mbeya Hospital when Lynda was born because I returned there for another five-day stay. When the infection was cured, I came home again and now the only sufferer seems to be Simon, my native helper, who is positively flabbergasted at the number of diapers he has to wash each day--as African babies do not wear them at all. Incidentally, in this country, baby diapers are called "napkins" and what we call napkins (for table use) are called "serviettes". You can see from this that one has to be careful when making out a shopping list.

While we were in Mbeya this second time, the baby of one of our students was born prematurely and died down at the student village. The following day the entire village gathered in mourning for the baby. The native men were all sitting together in a group while their wives sat solemnly apart in another group. Between the two silent groups sat a lone figure on the grond--the mother of the dead child. Again, we were impressed with the high rate of mortality among African children at birth. Another student-wife had a baby born this month and they named her "Rehema", which is Swahili for "mercy" or "compassion". I wondered if their naming the child that had anything to do with losing their first baby last year. One of our student-wives has lost four babies at birth so far.

Speaking of names, an African living nearby is named "Kazi Moto" which means "Hot Work". Then two little European girls we met in town are named "Sita" and "Saba" for "Six" and "Seven". So it is not just the Africans who have a monopoly on unusual names.

Lynda has now received her first gift from an African--a single egg. Grandwell came up to report the Sunday's contribution. Seeing the egg, I assumed it was part of the collection as Christians here often contribute eggs in lieu of money. But no, it was a gift from Grandwell to Lynda. Yesterday she received another five eggs--the gift of an old village woman to whom we often give medicine. I don't know why the ladies in our supporting congregations back home take expensive gifts of booties and bonnets to baby showers when they could take along half a dozen eggs!

It was such a pleasure to hand out gifts to the students' children from overseas Christians. Since they have only received Christmas gifts from us up until now, they referred to the dolls in this gift package as "Christmas babies" even though they received them in April. A letter of appreciation stated, "We are now clothed with precious articles and are passing lovely greetings to you." Who could resist a thank-you letter so beautifully worded?

May, 1961

This is a lovely time of the year in Tanganyika. Our front yard is a mass of color with the bright red Poinsettias in bloom. That reminds me, how many people have ever seen a black violet? We have one here at the mission. Grandwell's third child was born last week, and he named her "Violet". At least she is not a "Shrinking Violet". Though only a week old, she is already gaining weight and growing beautifully.

Another of the babies born down at the student village has been named "Grace." The parents are both Tumbukas from Nyasaland and the word for "grace" in their Chitumbuka language is spelled WEZI. This same word, oddly enough, in Kiswahili means "thieves". So, you see, there is quite a contrast in the meaning of WEZI in the two languages though the spelling is the same. You can't be too careful.

Al and brother Echols just made another trip to Lulanga Village. I miss getting to go on these jeep trips with Al, but I don't miss that bumpy old jeep ride. As someone said, "Our jeeps are not 'Christian Jeeps' at all because on these rough roads all they ever do is the Rock-and-Roll."

A native youth living nearby can vouch for the statement, "Be sure your sins will find you out." The local chief found out about this boy's sins and not only fined him four cows, but 150 shillings as well--approximately $20. Even here in far-away Africa, "Crime does not pay."

African student, License, is a firm believer in African medicines. When a rash broke out on his body, he bought some medicine from a native friend. It was made by boiling certain tree roots in water, and the ground-up powder from a giraffe's horns was added to it. I will say this much for that African medicine--the student is not dead yet, even though he bathes twice a day in the solution and also mixes it in with his early morning porridge. But note: neither is he rid of the rash.

You will remember that the Africans get their letters "r" and "l" mixed up when they talk. The other day I asked a student if he had seen Lisa on his way to our house. He replied, "Yes, she is outside praying with her friend." This was puzzling until I remembered he was trying to say she was outside playing! He is not the only one with language problems. Lisa's Swahili vocabulary is growing every day. She carries on long conversations with the students but invariably turns to me when they leave and asks, "Mommy, what did they say?" The other day, though, she pulled a switch. After the student with whom she had been talking walked off, Lisa turned to me and asked, "Mommy, what did I say?" (Good question, I thought)...

June, 1961

Here it is another chilly day in Tanganyika. My favorite spot is here before the fireplace. It is so cozy compared to the weather outdoors. It has been quiet around here with our students out among the villages preaching all month. Quiet, that is, except for the day the pigs got loose and we discovered them in our flowerbeds. Like Jean Kerr, we all ran out shouting, "Please don't eat the daisies."

When the school term ended, we busied ourselves preparing the traditional end-of-school feast. Our menu was essentially the same as last year--eighty pounds of curried meat, forty pounds of rice, and over two hundred cupcakes. That is a lot of food to prepare in any language.

Grandwell, the father of the new baby named "Violet", finally confessed to me that he picked that name out of the back of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. He also confessed that he didn't know what a violet was, so we showed him one in our garden. When I asked if he didn't think violets were pretty, he replied, "Surely they are, Madam." His answer surprised me. As a rule, Africans have no aesthetic appreciation whatsoever for the beauties of nature. Mussolini was asked one time if he liked flowers, and with a grimace he explained, "Only WAJINGA (foolish people) care anything about flowers."

One of our workers, Simon, is the proud owner of an old wristwatch. It has no hands. When I asked a student who also owns a broken watch why he continues to wear it, he smiled and said, "I wear it for pleasure." Simon apparently thinks he doesn't really need a watch that works. He says he places two sticks of wood in certain spots before his hut, and when the shadows reach the second stick, he knows it is SAA KUMI (four p.m.) and time to leave for work. Older and even less sophisticated natives can look at the position of the sun in the sky and are very adept at guessing the time of day.

I bet I am the only person around who has two elephant teeth in her kitchen and the leg bone of an elephant in her front yard. The last time Al went to the plains, he brought them home to me as souvenirs. I don't know where the rest of the elephant is and knowing Al, I am afraid to ask. He might produce it!

A lot of stealing has been going on in this area lately. One African nearby stole some cattle from another, and when the owner of the cows caught the thief, he took the law into his own hands. He cut off the thief's right arm, both his ears, and his upper lip. That may be an African's idea of justice, but it sounded somewhat brutal and extreme to me. It also points up the urgent need of Christian teaching in this area.

July, 1961

To use the terminology of some British guests we entertained yesterday, I would say our weather now is "shocking". Not only has it rained several times in this, the middle of our dry season, but it is also still quite chilly. In contrast, Dar-es-Salaam on the coast is now very hot and humid as expressed in a letter from an African Christian there. To quote: "To some, Dar heat has been strange, but Sisya is just as fat as anything. The daughter of Sisya, as heat was strange to her, she felt common colds about some days, but now she is just as fat as a mother of bees that stays under the ground. The wife of Robetcher, oh, she is very fat for she drinks Dar water that makes people be very fat. As you know my wife is very fat but by this time I say the wife of Robetcher is just as fat as my wife the fat woman." This very humorous letter was concluded, "With me I am just alright as Dar likes me and me Dar."

We Hornes made a trip to Dar-es-Salaam this month in connection with the used clothing from American Christians. We made the 500-mile trip in twelve hours. Some of the road is paved and some is what we call "strip-paving", but most of it is just a plain old dirt road, not to mention the countless detours. Tanganyika roads have no speed limits. I guess the government realizes the bumpy surface and loose sand prevents your going above forty or fifty m.p.h. anyway! Along the way we saw a hyena, baboons, monkeys, and Masai herdsmen. Once we passed through a rabies quarantine area.

While in Dar I saw the governor of Tanganyika for the first time. He is Sir Richard Turnbull. We recognized the license plate on his official car. It has no numbers, merely an insignia--the Queen's crown, representing the British government. Also in Dar I saw a real, honest-to-goodness modern supermarket featuring frozen foods, self-service, etc., just like we have back home in Texas. The manager of the shop told me it was the only grocery store of its kind in East Africa. I believe it, too!

Another short safari took us to the village of Mapogola for an afternoon. The native girls were really fashionable in their way of thinking. They all wore lipstick, but only on the bottom lip. In addition, they each wore a large circle of lipstick in the center of their forehead (imitating the Indian women?). Because African women and men wear their hair just alike, cut very short, we could not tell whether one character was a man or a woman. Finally Lisa concluded, "Mommy, he is a woman." We had promised her we would have a picnic that trip. We were bumping along the trail with nothing but thorn trees in sight when Lisa asked her Daddy, "This is a picnic?" Before reaching home we were all dusty and tired. We had been made to sit and wait on road machinery so long that we, too, were wondering, "That was a picnic?"

Just call me Doctor Donna. One afternoon the men were gone to Chosi farm when two of our dogs were snake bitten. The places became so swollen we assumed a night-adder or puff-adder had bitten them. Jane assembled the needle and held the dogs down while I injected the anti-venom serum. It was the first time I had ever given a shot, but I guess I did all right at it. Both dogs recovered in time. I am just thankful I got to practice on the dogs and not on one of us.

Student Mordicken is married to an ebony-skinned beauty named Tamara. When we asked him if he didn't think she was beautiful, he surprised us by saying, "No." Then the explanation came: "I have been looking at her for many years."

August, 1961

This is really "The Back of Beyond!" I got a Houston Post newspaper in the mailbag yesterday dated January 14th. That means it only took seven months to get here. I am not surprised, though. Our mail comes by ship to Dar-es-Salaam, then overland 500 miles by bus to Mbeya to be sorted, then back to Chimala by bus, and then it is carried by foot the five and a half miles up our mountain! See what I mean? It is the Back of Beyond and then some. We also got a package from my folks. In it was a little red imitation leather jacket for Lisa with a partially melted sleeve. There was also a little sundress for the baby with a dark brown stain. Accompanying was a letter from the Post Office saying the package had been damaged. Apparently the post bag containing this package had been saturated with deisel oil aboard the steamship "Robin Gray" and caught fire. Pity!

We normally use kerosene lanterns at night but now that the electric generator has been fixed (again!), we are able to enjoy three hours of electricity every other night. That is when you will find me at my sewing machine just whirring away, or perhaps pressing something with a real honest-to-goodness electric iron instead of trusting it to Simon who wields a heavy, antiquated iron filled with hot, living coals. Meanwhile, Al would be at his hobby of developing photographs of the African students. He has to be careful to under-develop their pictures on purpose. If the finished product shows the student to be as dark skinned as he really is, he refuses to accept it!

You certainly could not call me "The Hostess with the Mostest", because we do not do much indoor entertaining. You see, African babies on the mission still do not wear diapers. Need I say more? Some kind American Christians responded to this need, but the diapers they sent were worn instead by the babies' mothers as turbans! Our own babies have a hard time staying well here in Africa. Concerned relatives in America recently wrote, "Take that baby to a good pediatrician in Dar-es-Salaam." I have got news for them. There are no "good pediatricians" in Dar. There are no bad ones either. In fact, there are none. There is not even an easy way we can chart their growth and progress. We do have an old-fashioned pair of scales here, but when Lynda reached nine pounds, I had to start using a can of margarine to weigh her in addition to the weights. By now I use a copy of Webster's Dictionary (which weighs two pounds and nine ounces) and Webster's Biographical Dictionary (four pounds and four ounces) as weights as well. It is quite a system we use, you must admit. As for Lisa, lately she has been terrified of leopards. Last night she woke me three times saying, "I am afraid a leopard will come scratch on my window." Just Thursday night a leopard entered the enclosure and ate one of our hogs, so that probably accounts for her new fears.

We made another trip to Lulanga after receiving Rastoni's message, "The people are crying with hunger." Though we religiously take Nivaquin (malaria pills), we still took the precaution of sleeping under mosquito nets at Lulanga. A hyenna came twice during the night with his howling racket, so none of us slept well. There we were under the stars and Lisa all tucked in when she discovered a line of safari ants. You will know all about it if they ever get ahold of you! We killed the leader of the ants. They say if you do that, the rest of the ants will hold a conference and finally go back where they came from. By then the night that had started out too warm for blankets became freezingly cold. We never were so glad to see morning's first light so we could start homeward. Along the way the creek beds all had water in them, but we put the jeep in auxiliary gear and just plowed on through the mud. Then the universal joint on the jeep began making a loud noise, clanging like a fire truck. We made it on home, though, too weary for words. It will take some time to get that universal gear fixed, but then that is par for the course for the African missionary.

September, 1961

There we were all huddled around our shortwave radio, wondering what kind of impression our friend Carla was making upon Houston, my hometown. All too soon the Voice of America Broadcast told us that the Houston area was one of the hardest hit by the hurricane. It is a very uneasy feeling, I can tell you, to be over ten thousand miles away from your family and not know how they are weathering the storm. Home seemed so far away then it was as if I were on the other side of the world. And you know what? I am.

Lisa gave me another fright. She wandered away from the house a mile or so into the woods. By the time I located her I was beside myself. Hearing reports of a leopard lurking in that area, I was badly shaken. Lisa had taken her puppies along with her and, as you must know, dogs are excellent leopard bait. When our men failed to get the leopard with their guns, the natives succeeded in smoking him out of the region. When we went to bed that night, we could hear the flames crackling and the whole mountain-side was ablaze with fire. It was a beautiful sight, but the motive behind the fire was not so pleasant I can assure you.

Doctor Donna is still at work. Every day I doctor several students plus villagers and on Sunday afternoons, as many as twenty usually turn up. So far my "pay" has been only two small hen eggs, but the grateful smiles I get for my efforts are far more rewarding anyway. My latest patient is a grown man named Kavaha which means "big". He is a mentally deranged man who lives at Kitekelo. It quite unnerved me last week to come home from the Echols' to find him wandering about in my house. He had reached the kitchen when I discovered him. I have learned since that he is as harmless as a little child, but I am still wary of him. Tanganyika doesn't have any institutions to care for the mentally deranged, remember.

One of the student's children is named "Alia". Her name means "She cries." I would suppose that name is the African version of our "Cry Baby". The natives use that verb ("lia") for many things. They use it in referring to the radio's playing, a car's noise, and even the footsteps of approaching shoes. They mean to convey that these things are noisy, but what they are literally saying is that the radio, the car, and the shoes, etc., are all crying!

When the Africans come to our door, they announce their presence by saying, "Hodi". We answer this greeting with "Nani?" which means

"Who is it?" Invariably, they answer us with "Mimi" which means "me" or "It is I," which does not tell us a thing! We still do not know who it is. So we start over again and get the same answer, "It is I" or "It is me." Finally we give up, go to the door and see for ourselves who is standing there. It would probably save us a lot of time if we were to go to the door in the first place.

The used clothing sent from American congregations is still being taken by storm. The natives are really proud of their newly acquired finery. Mordicken chose a hat for himself and when I asked if he wanted to see a mirror, he stopped prancing just long enough to say, "Oh, no, I just want to strut about." He did, too! Also, I bet we are the only congregation in Africa whose song-leader wears a tuxedo. Of course, he doesn't have the trousers to match his shiny lapeled tuxedo jacket, but to an African, that does not matter anyhow.

October, 1961

Rastoni has written me a letter. He said, "I am very glad this time to see you in this letter. I am very glad to show you this, a little food, wich I made. I know that is not good for you, but I want you just test to eat it and you can know how Africans food is. If have made mistake in this English you can teach me good English." This letter was accompanied by a large bowl of curried rice, African-style. I must admit I probably enjoyed it as much as any African, only instead of dipping my hands into the food as they do, I manipulated my fork. Africans are firm believers that "fingers were made before forks."

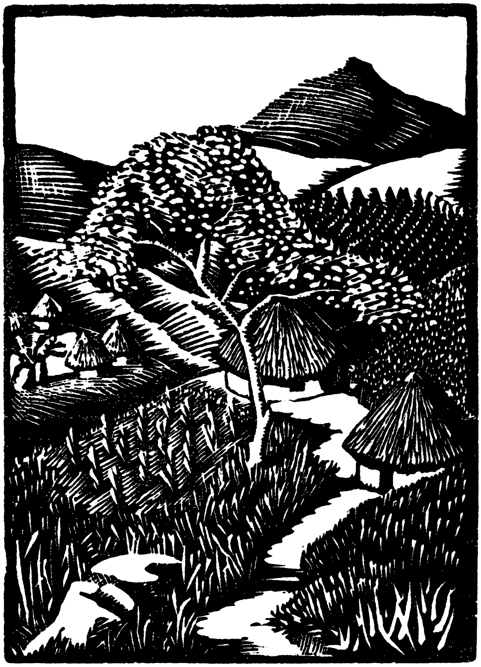
This reminds me, Time magazine reports that a school is now operating in East Africa to teach native women "the elaborate manners of diplomacy." This is because they are so unprepared to take their place in the new society which will come with independence. Many arrive at the school with "no more social accomplishments than scratching and giggling, but the instructors help them through the tangles of Western clothing, demonstrate how to take a bath, teach them to navigate in high heels, and they are also instructed in the art of small talk (to stifle the impulse to ask other wives their age or their husband's income)." To put it mildly, these native women have a lot to learn from our good friend, Emily Post.

A man came by to get some used clothing. With him were his two wives. Most men would object to one wife needing new clothes, much less two. However, the trio pitched right in and helped chose garments for one another. I was surprised to observe that the two wives were so chummy. I really think they liked each other better than they liked the husband they share. "The more the merrier" seems to be the theme this year locally for even our local Chief Solomon is preparing to take on another wife. He already has a rather large harem! I understand that each of his wives lives in a separate hut for even the Africans recognize that two women cannot live together peaceably under the same thatched roof.

Mbeya is looking up. At last there is a cafe in the town. Yes, at Pandya's Cafe, Indian foods are on sale and you can actually buy a cold coke. The British drink them warm and because of their influence in this part of the world, it is a rare thing for a place to refrigerate them. We especially appreciate a cold coke after a hot and dusty trip into town. This is the time just before the rains begin, and here in the tropics everything is so dry and the air is so oppressive that October is known as "The Suicide Month". Personally, I am for the "pause that refreshes".

While in Mbeya, I noticed a poster hanging on the front of the Police Station offering a reward of one thousand shillings. I supposed that, as at home, it was for the capture of a wanted criminal. However, a closer look told me the reward is being offered to anyone who finds another in the possession of a rhinoceros' horn. In an American town, Art Linkletter could probably find one in some lady's purse but I, for one, was innocent, so I passed on by.

It finally happened--someone fell off our mountain. An Indian was on his way up our mountain to visit. Because there was so much loose dirt in the steepest part of the road, he backed his car out onto a ledge so he could get a "running start". The brakes on his car failed, however, and the car moved backwards right over the side of the mountain. Luckily, the native riding with him had enough sense to push the Indian driver out of the car before jumping out himself. The Indian is now spending ten days in the hospital with leg injuries and eighteen stitches in his head. As for the car, having fallen about a quarter of a mile down into a gorge, it is a complete loss. Our Mbeya friends are kidding us now that when we say, "Drop over to see us," we really mean it.



November, 1961

Lisa's just had her fourth birthday. As for Lynda, she has just recovered from a bout with dysentery. Three days in the Mbeya Hospital and streptomycin, however, worked a fast cure. Thank God that even in darkest Africa medical help is available for our little ones.

When a polygamist from Northern Rhodesia came visiting with one of his two wives, I had them for tea. They had come to visit one of their fifteen children, but they accepted my invitation with delight. They were another two who had never before been inside a white man's house, so I gave them the "Cook's Tour". You would have thought I was a home demonstration agent. I wound up everything musical we have, turned on the wireless radio, typed on my typewriter for them, and showed them the gas stove's burners and the ice in the refrigerator. One at a time, of course. They were duly impressed. Then when we played our record player for them, the man asked if there was someone inside the box doing the singing. He was serious, too!

We made a trip to Dar-es-Salaam, the big city, taking with us three of our students to preach there. One of them, Rastoni, had never before seen a train (or "cars of smoke" as they call them), a stamp machine, a jukebox, or an elevator. I should have said THE elevator as it is the only one in Dar. I myself saw something I have never seen before in East Africa--a dairy cream machine. We discovered the shop on a back street, and you would have thought we had discovered a gold mine. We tried out their chocolate malts and carmel sundaes, and they were more like American ice-cream than anything we have tasted in Africa yet. We also visited an out-of-the-way Chinese grocery shop and discovered four American Hershey bars--the first we have eaten in over two years. We pounced on two of them, and the Echols grabbed the other two.

In Dar we visited the local museum one morning. There we saw African beadwork, crafts, traps, weapons, examples of native dress, carved masks, etc. One of the most interesting things was the way the natives slit their ear lobes and insert little wooden logs to stretch the holes bigger and bigger. Some of the circular disks they wear in their ears are as big as four to five inches in width. We also saw some things having to do with witchcraft. In one instance, the witchdoctor grinds up some skull bones and then puts the powder from that on a hunter's bow and poisoned arrows to bring him luck. Still other things in the museum concerned the history of Tanganyika. We even saw some of the chains the slaves used to wear back in the days when the Arabs used to sell the natives into slavery.

Dar-es-Salaam was swelteringly hot. We were glad to leave its clammy humidity behind and return to our cool mountain home. Even in Africa, it is true that..."East...West...home is best!"

December, 1961

Here it is our third Christmas in Africa. The distant drums again tell of the day's festivities over at Kitekelo Village. The fact that only two short weeks ago the natives of Tanganyika celebrated their UHURU (freedom) with four public holidays has not lessened their enthusiasm any for this holiday. Last evening at dusk the tom-toms began and continued far into the night. It was fun playing Santa to our little African children on the mission. We gave them dolls, balloons and, naturally, candy.

Our own Christmas has not differed too much from yours, I would imagine. Last week our kitchens gave forth the tempting aromas of Christmas candies and fruitcake. Then yesterday we had the traditional turkey-and-dressing. Since we could enjoy the colored lights of the Christmas tree only every other night when we have the three hours of electricity available, we put our tree up early and our stockings have long been "hung by the chimney with care." Sometime during the black of the African night we received a visit from that jolly little bearded gentleman. As a result of that visit, Lisa's little doll family has had to make room for one more--the black dolly she has wanted for so long. In their matching kangas, Lisa and her new dolly make quite a picture.

Back to Tanganyika's Independence celebrations, we witnessed the birth of the nation over at Matamba Village. Jane and I not only baked several cakes decorated in the colors of the new flag to give to the Chief, but we also dressed in those colors on Independence Day. We wore black blouses, wide yellow belts, and green skirts. Besides one other missionary, we were the only white people there among literally hundreds of blacks. For that reason alone, we were as much celebrities as the day's speakers and were given seats of honor along with them. When the speeches were over and the tribal dancing had begun, we were invited by the Chief into his mud hut for tea. He himself served us and, afraid that we would not enjoy Africanstyle food, he had some foods specially prepared for his white guests. Correction: He had **A** food prepared--eggs. There were fried eggs and egg omelettes, period. Each one of us must have had a dozen apiece to eat, for what the Chief lacked in quality, he made up for in quantity. However, they say it is the thought behind it that counts, and so our appreciation expressed to the Chief was indeed sincere. After the celebrations, we took pictures of the Chief standing with his nineteen children. In his long, flowing "royal robe" and wearing a monkey-hair headdress, Chief Solomon was quite a colorful character. In his hand he carried the monkey tail decorated in fancy beadwork. All in all the day was quite memorable except for two things: (1) the rain which poured off and on all day long (mostly on!), and (2) you guessed it, the eggs!

To show how impressed the natives are with their newly established independence, several new-born babies have been named UHURU and "Julius Nyinere" after the country's prime-minister. And speaking of names, one of the chief speakers the other day was Mr. Insect (which is English for his real name, Bwana Dudu). The name of the new bride of one of our students is "Flyness". I wonder if she is any relation to Mr. Insect?

We have had two visitors this month. One was an Indian raised in an orphanage in Calcutta. We introduced him to weiner roasts, iced tea, and more important, the New Testament church. The other was an American anthropologist who, with his family, plans to live among and study the local Wanji tribe for the next two years. In contrast to the customary formality of our British acquaintances here in East Africa, we are looking forward to visits from these fellow-Americans. It will be nice for a change to be able to holler out, "Oh, hi George, y'all come on in."

January, 1962

"Rain, rain, go away...Little Lisa wants to play." Since the rainy season began here last month, it not only rains every day but several times a day at that. As a result the roads are impossible and often impassible. The Echols left here for town the other day only to return home shortly after that. They had found the mountain road blocked by a huge boulder which the torrential rains had caused to fall across the road. We were cut off from civilization that day. Back to the impossible, more than once lately I have said to Al, "We are in a rut." I do not mean to imply that our daily lives are monotonous. I was just referring to the deep ruts we so often find ourselves in as our jeep tries to travel Tanganyika trails.

The rain is truly to blame for many of our troubles this time of the year. A typical example is our trip to town last week. Because the roads are so washed and full of pot-holes, we lost the muffler off the jeep. As soon as we got to town, we put the jeep in the garage. Of course, it was not ready to go again until after three that afternoon. In the meantime, we had to do all our business by foot. Mbeya is a small town, I will admit, but not when you are walking and it is raining hard to boot. When we finally left town our jeep was loaded to the hilt with groceries, supplies for our students, four new tires for the jeeps, etc. plus six African passengers and ourselves. We had car trouble on the way home and got to the mountain just about dark. We slipped and slid our way over mud and up towards the top and home, only to hear that the Echols had also had to foot it that day. They had gone to Chosi for corn for the students and had gotten stuck, so we spent the rest of the evening telling each other our troubles. Not really, but the day's experiences for all of us had been such that even Pollyanna would have lost heart. Then there was another rainy night when our jeep got stuck on that mountain road until 10:20 p.m., but then that is another story...

These cold, damp days are the cause of lots of sickness going around. One evening we had to rush a student's baby into Mbeya Hospital. He had a temperature of 105 degrees and it was diagnosed as malaria. Our own baby has had dysentery now since

October. Mbeya was out of chloromycetin, so we had to order some specially from Dar-es-Salaam. It is only 500 miles away, you know, and we ordered it by air, but it still took nearly two weeks to get here. That is service for you in Tanganyika--slow. I guess that is why they call this "The Land of 'Bado Kidogo'" which means "The Land of Wait Awhile".

We had two more American visitors--members of the Peace Corps. They have only been here two months, but they admitted they are already homesick for the States. Perhaps the reason for it is, as one of the boys in his slow Alabama drawl said, "Ma'am, I am sorry to say no girls were assigned to Tanganyika's Peace Corps." So that explains it!

We have a new baby down in our student village. He is nearly two weeks old but, as you would expect, they have not named him yet. Every time we inquire as to the baby's name, they say, "Bado," which means "not yet". I personally think that is as good a name as any, so that is what Jane and I call that baby--"Baby Bado".

February, 1962

I know a Christian should not be depressed by the weather, but I can not help wondering if the bottoms of my feet have not mildewed. It doesn't help to have Groundhog Day over here like they have in America, because who could see their shadow in this downpour? Seriously, it does help our morales to see old Mr. Sun peeping through every now and then.

Both Lisa and Lynda caught the measles--probably from a little boy whom we took into Mbeya to the hospital. He had the measles then, but we didn't realize it as the spots don't show up red on their black skins as they do on ours. Had you ever thought about that? At the same time Lisa's measles were breaking out, she was also suffering from an allergic reaction to some sulphur pills the doctor had given her. The doctor could not decide whether the spots were caused by the allergy, measles, or scarlet fever, so he made her stay overnight at the hospital. The next day we were permitted to take her home with us. That same trip we brought out a second-hand bathtub for one of the mission houses. We made a bed for Lisa in the bathtub at the back of the jeep. She looked pretty comical lying there all speckled and sporting sunglasses to protect her eyes!

The rain and snakes seem to go hand in hand. We were eating lunch when Trombone shouted, "Nyoka!" which means "Snake"! Looking up we saw a long snake slithering across the screen of our dining room window. We measured him later--three feet, four inches. He led the men on a merry chase, but they got him in the end. It was a boom-slang or "tree snake", not that we live in a tree house as his name might lead you to believe.

Aaron, one of the young men here, surprised us this week by getting married. What is so surprising about that, you are wondering. Well, he left work one evening, went to the girl's village and took her home with him--just like that! No fuss and ceremony such as we have, though he still has to pay for the girl--seven cows and 300 shillings ($40). We asked the boy how it all came about so suddenly, and he replied that he had written a letter to the girl asking her if she would like to marry him. She wrote back that she would love to, so, as he put it, he just "went to her village and stole her." Her name is "Alatutwala", now Mrs. Aaron.

Two of our student-preachers provided us with a good laugh. They had been to Chosi Village to spend Saturday and Sunday preaching. When they came back early we asked them why? They explained that the only place to spend the night was in the hut of a fellow-Christian who had, horrors, bedbugs. They brought back some of the bedbugs with them to prove it. They must have thought we were hard taskmasters and brought them back as witnesses for the defence.

March, 1962

Things have been going about as usual. The heavy and frequent rains have completely washed away the main bridge on the Ruaha River, and we are virtually cut off from Dar-es-Salaam. The supplies could have been transported inland from Dar by way of Itigi, which is to the north of Mbeya, but now even the bridge there has gone and no buses can get through. Everyone in Mbeya is making a desperate effort to horde supplies and gasoline for the grim days which may be ahead. In addition, we must go all the way into town these days to collect our mail until Chimala bridge is once again fixed. We were told that a temporary bridge would be up in several months, and that a more permanent bridge would take four to six months to build.

In the villages things have been going very well. Two of our student-preachers went to Chimala and were harassed by certain denominational preachers. They all studied the Scriptures together on the Lord's Day, and now they are preparing to meet representatives from another denomination at the same place. Brother Robetcher Sisye was given permission to hold a gospel meeting at Mfumbi Village. Because he is a very capable preacher, I know the Christians in that area will be edified by his evening services. Another student-preacher, Lenkosi Mkwama, did not fare so well. He was returning to the mission when he was attacked by a snake on his ankle. Those with him rushed on up the mountain to tell us about it. Snake serum was taken down to Lenkosi immediately, and Brother Echols injected his leg twice. He seems to have recovered completely by now, but I am sure that in the future Lenkosi will heed the words of Paul to the Ephesians in 5:15 when he admonished them, "Look therefore carefully how ye walk."

I took the bull by the horns the last time I taught my Bible Class. I decided that I was tired of using an interpreter. For some time now we have been able to converse in the language, but teaching in Swahili was something a little more difficult. Having decided then to teach in Swahili, it took me four whole days to write and rewrite the Swahili lesson until I had it just as I wanted it. Then I called in one of the African teachers to check my grammar for me. He recommended two small changes and then on Wednesday, I tried it out. The student-wives were surprised and obviously delighted, but not any more than Yours Truly, I can assure you. I felt a real accomplishment at last!

I never thought I would see the day when we had to drive five days to get to the doctor, but that is what we finally had to do for Lynda. When her dysentary kept recurring after all these months, we became alarmed and decided to go to Port Elizabeth down in South Africa to see a specialist. We had planned to leave by six a.m., but it had rained all night, and so we only got off by 8:30. Even then we got stuck in the mud in the wheatfield. Eldred had to be sent to come and pull us out. Finally we were on our way. Customs at Tunduma took thirty minutes or so. Setting our watches up one hour for Rhodesian time, we set out for Mpika. Four times we were stopped by police roadblocks, so our names and destination could be checked. At dusk we had car trouble with a wheel but changed the tire, put in gasoline from our extra tank, and continued on to the Crested Crane Hotel where we spent the night. Setting off at six the following day, we got to the Mkushi River about noon. Eating all our meals in the car, we drove through Kapiri Mposhi to Broken Hill where we had to buy a new tire. We no sooner got out of town than we had a blow-out and had to change tires again. On to Kufui and Lusaka and finally spent the night at the Otto Beit Bridge Hotel in the Zambezi Valley. Seven o'clock the following morning saw us on our way, but five miles down the road, we had tire trouble (the story of our lives by then). Arriving in Salisbury, we bought another new tire, this time for 206 shillings. Passing through a tsetse fly barn where the car was sprayed, we ate an early supper in Fort Victoria and drove on to the Lundi Bridge and by 8:30 p.m., Beit Bridge. We saw lots of game along the road, but by then we were too tired to get very excited about it. On the fourth day of our trip, we got to customs by 6 a.m. when the border opened. We reached Pretoria by noon, drove on through Johannesburg and spent the night at a Parys motel in the Orange Free State. The next day we were up by six, into Bloemfontein by ten, and on to Port Elizabeth by dark where we were welcomed by Al's mother.

During our two week stay in Port Elizabeth, the doctor tested Lynda and discovered the presence of Salmonella germs. In fact, he isolated her germ and grew a culture. Then he reported to us that there were fourteen known varieties of that germ in South Africa, but that Lynda's type was a fifteenth variety! He treated Lynda until her acute symptoms had disappeared, but he warned that any severe illness with fever would allow the germ to get the upper hand again. Due to her prolonged illness she had also become anemic, but we were given medicine for that also.

While in Port Elizabeth Al preached several times for the Pickering Street congregation. After one of those sermons, six came forward for baptism--including Al's own mother! Our long journey from Tanganyika was worthwhile not only from the standpoint of Lynda's recovered health, but also because Al's mother came to know the Lord during that visit with her. We left Port Elizabeth and "went on our way rejoicing" like the Ethiopian Eunuch in Acts 8.

Our trip back to Tanganyika was only slightly less eventful than our trip out of the country had been. Lynda celebrated her first birthday along the way, and we took a picture of her sitting on top of a sign reading, "Line of Capricorn". We drove 627 miles that day, mostly on tedious strip paving. The following day we were up at 5:30. By dark we had gotten onto really bad dirt roads, and 124 miles on this side of Mpika we slid off into a ditch. We were stuck there for four hours. We jacked up the car and put stones underneath, but to no avail. We also lit the little primus stove on the side of the road so we could fix the baby a bottle. I was reminded of the story of the Good Samaritan because when a car finally passed us, the Indian in it passed by "on the other side." Awhile later, an approaching car with a European passed by "on the other side" as well. Then we were in luck. A truckful of Africans stopped and pushed us out. Talk about rain and mud and thick fog! It was impossible to travel more than twenty miles per hour. By the time we reached a hotel in Mpika, it was so late the electrical plant had been turned off and everyone had gone to bed. We could not rouse the proprietor, so we tip-toed down the hall by the light of our flashlight, found an empty bedroom, and piled into bed. You can imagine how surprised they were to discover us there the following morning. Anyhow, we continued on homewards and can not begin to tell you how good it was to arrive there finally--safe and sound. Gulliver may have enjoyed his travels, and so did we after a fashion; but let's face it, there's no place like home!

April, 1962

Talk about April showers, we have got them. The rains are slacking off a bit, but every afternoon the sky clouds up overhead and the drops begin to fall. Meanwhile our mornings are sunny and bright. Perhaps that explains the "spring fever" that seems to be going around among the natives. They are forever coming here to ask for "Dawa ya Nguvu" (medicine for strength). I always laugh and tell them that if we had any, I would drink it myself.

Over the week-end we enjoyed the company of three guests from Nhowe Mission in Southern Rhodesia, the Giffords and Jesse Brown. It was great having another woman around with whom Jane and I could talk over our mission projects and problems. It was great having them--period! On leaving, brother Gifford remarked that we have the "darkest, wettest, and loneliest mission point in all of Africa." Amen! He left out just one thing--the snakes. In the past month, we have killed half a dozen here on the place, and one of them was a black cobra measuring six feet in length. Yesterday we found the children's pet, a little deer, dying from a snake bite. He died in such a short time we assume there is another cobra around here. I hope I am wrong because even the thought of a cobra is quite frightening. They say a cobra can spit its poison not only with deadly accuracy from ten feet or more, but ten or twelve times in rapid succession! Talk about a marksman. The Africans call the cobra a "kiko" which is their word for "pipe".

Lisa was heart-broken about the little deer for he truly was a little dear. He used to nibble on the ends of her ponytail. I guess he thought it was grass. That is not a very nice compliment, but she loved him all the same. Pets are so difficult to keep here in Tanganyika. Lisa's baby duck died from our cold mountain climate. Her kitten was bitten by a rabid dog and died. Her puppy was caught in a leopard trap. And now the deer--oh, dear!

The sight of an African baby brought to me for medicine last week still haunts me. It was so small! So that I could give the proper dosage, I asked how old he was. I was shocked to hear the parents say, "Six months old." The child could not have been over five or six pounds and was suffering from dysentery and/or malnutrition. Taking a chance that I might be labeled a "white witchdoctor," I told them flatly, "Your baby is going to die." The father is an alcoholic and the child had plainly been neglected, so I wanted to shock the parents into taking their baby to the hospital. Thank God I succeeded.

On Sunday evening we were surprised to hear drums from Kitekelo Village. The only other times I have heard them from there was on Christmas and on Independence Day. I asked one of the villagers about it. He explained that they were celebrating "the day on which my Lord arose from the dead." Nothing like mixing paganism with so-called Christianity, is there!

The last time we worshipped at Mfumbi the men sat on one side and we women on the other. The contribution was $2.03 and three ears of corn. The Sunday before we had gone to Igurusi Village. One woman, because of her Mohammedan belief, said she could not enter our church building, but she listened to the sermon through the open window. I was surrounded by trouble that day--both of the little African girls sitting on either side of me were named TABU (meaning trouble).

With the dry season nearly here, the village churches are once again accessible to us. We can begin Bible classes out on the plains, and I am looking forward to that. Here at the mission, I offered a prize at my ladies' class to the first one to learn the Old Testament books by memory--either in Tumbuka or Swahili. The following week I took my one prize to the class only to discover that eight of the women had learned them. So... ...seven more prizes coming up!

25. Al and bent tie-rod. It was bent when we went through elephant tracks out by Lulanga on our safari.

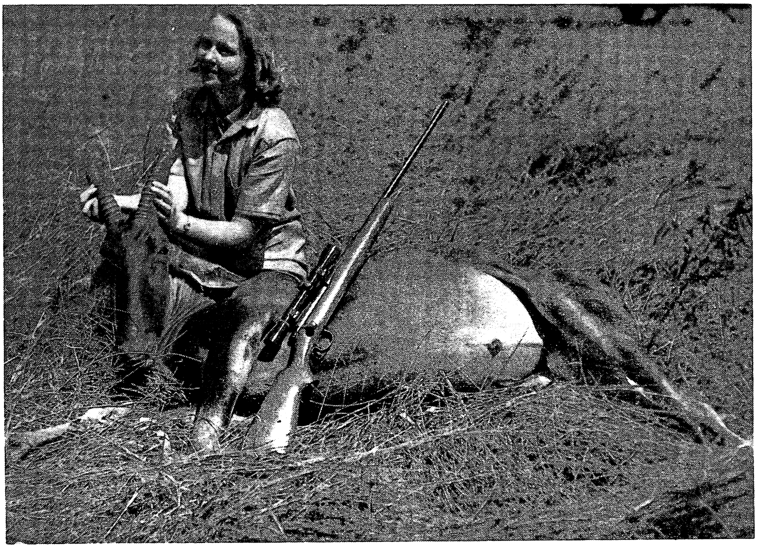
26. In the middle of the dry season, water is hard to come by out on the plains by Lulanga. The local inhabitants will work tirelessly digging in the sand to secure enough water for drinking purposes.

27. Cabbages grow large in Tanganyika! Donna.

28. "Fearless Fosdick" — Alias: Al with a beard! Al Horne, husband of Donna Horne, while living in Tanganyika. About 1962.

29. This is Bryan Patterson, an Englishman who is our farm manager at Chosi, (April 9) at 11 a.m. with a .22 rifle. The leopard was eating two of our goats when Bryan's dogs scared it up a tree, where Bryan shot it. The leopard weighed 65 pounds. The picture was taken on Caskey's front porch.

30. Donna Horne's kill. Students raised vegetables and corn. Meat was supplied by missionaries Eldred and Jane Echols & Al and Donna Horne.



31. The "great white hunter" — Al himself, complete with beard and safari hat.

32. Al with the buffalo he shot with a .458 in the Usangu Swamp. The meat was divided between the student body and the missionary families.

May, 1962

Our third year in Africa will soon be coming to an end, and it will find us winging our way across the ocean. Already I am finding it hard to settle down to my tasks from sheer excitement at the thoughts of being home again. We have each had the required smallpox and yellow fever shots and the plane schedule is here before me on my desk, yet I find it hard to believe we are actually going home. After three years here in Tanganyika's bush country, I feel like Ralph Edward's "This is Your Life".

Since Al is not an American citizen, he was required to make a personal appearance before the American consul in Dar-es-Salaam in order to get a visa for America. While there, we met with the church and observed that they have grown a lot since we were there last in November. The church in our immediate area is growing as well. We have had seven baptisms this week alone. One was a village headman or chief at Mapunga. Since a chief has so much influence among his people, we really expect the church there to march forward now.

Next week marks the end of our third school year here at Tanganyika Bible School. With school over, we will have more time to devote to the classes we have begun at the different villages. At Igurusi yesterday, I had twenty-four attend class, and from there we went on to Mapunga where thirty were present. One little boy was named "Tuesday" and another "Goodnight" (I wondered if that was a hint). We seem to draw a lot of people out of curiosity simply because we are white folks.

At a third village, Mfumbi, we seem to have a lot of Christians who belong to the "Scarecrow's Society". When Jane found only four little boys waiting for her class with over twenty absent, she was told, "Oh, they are out in the rice fields scaring away the birds." African Christians can come up with some excuses people in the States never even heard of.

Swahili is really a fascinating language as so many words are double-talk. BARA-BARA is the word for "road." PILI-PILI is "pepper." POLY-POLY means "slowly." That is why one child wrote from the States to ask if "BOOGIE-WOOGIE" is also Swahili. Then, too, Swahili words have such various shades of meaning. A few days ago when I attempted to doctor a student's leg with a Band-Aid, he objected, "When I take it off in a few days, it will pull the feathers off my leg." So that is why he "chickened out" of my medical treatment.

For such a remote spot, we have had lots of company lately. This past week the Fred Liggin family from the Nyasaland mission visited us. Sister Liggin seems to have amoebic dysentery so she came primarily to see a doctor.

June, 1962

Attendances are growing at the classes for women and children at the village churches. The second time the class met, we had seventy seven at Igurusi and fifty one at Mapunga. By the following Tuesday Igurusi had increased to 181. That is not bad.

Exciting plans are being drawn up this month by the menfolk. The Chimala Hotel at the foot of the mountain is being purchased and plans call for a fifty-bed clinic to be established there. It should be a wonderful means of outreach for the gospel. Christian families from the States will be brought over to oversee the hospital, and a medical doctor is also planning to come. From a woman's viewpoint, how exciting to think that from now on we will have Christian neighbors just five-and-a-half miles down the mountain.

Don't you think it is funny that a young man named "Trombone" has been working as a houseboy for us Hornes? His real name is Tulambona but even before we came onto the scene, everyone called him "Trombone".

Except for the first ten months when the Guy Caskey family was still here, the Echols' and we have been the only two white families here on the mission. Now after more than two years with just two families here, we are getting a third family--Tom and Patsy Dockery from Arkansas are coming. It is too bad they will arrive after we depart for the States, but we can look forward meanwhile to meeting them upon our return to Tanganyika. Since we have this situation where there will be three families but only two houses on the mission, I have been busy storing all our things in the upstairs attic to make way for the Dockerys.

Remember Henny-Penny and Duckie-Luckie, etc. who were afraid the sky was falling in? Well I have had this fear of falling myself. It seems like everytime we listen to the radio news, another airplane has fallen out of the sky. I wrote to my mother in Houston who arranged our air passage for us and requested that she not put us aboard a jet. I told her that a prop plane was good enough for us. She promptly wrote back to put me in the picture, explaining that prop planes had been out for ages and that only jets were now available. To my relief, Comet 4's (which are responsible for all the latest crashes) have been replaced by the safer Boeing 707. So it is all systems go now and full speed ahead for our departure the first week of July. For some reason Lisa thinks Texas is the promised land and, in a sense, so does her mother.

August, 1962

You can imagine how Columbus must have felt when he got back home to Spain. Well, that is how glad we were to get back to America. Now I know just what folks mean when they speak about getting down to kiss the ground. When we landed at Idlewild Airport in New York, I was so glad to be back on U.S. soil I just wanted to hug everybody in sight--even though we were still two thousand miles from home. As we moved through the customs area, the first words I heard from my fellow countrymen were "Welcome Home". We have been here in America for six weeks by now, but I have yet to hear any two words ring as sweetly in my ears as those.

Everywhere we go folks keep asking, "Well, Donna, how does it feel to be home again?" My first reaction is to answer in Swahili, "Mzuri Kabisa" (VERY NICE); but whatever the language, it is wonderfully WONDERFUL to be back again. To be able to drink water from the faucet without first boiling it, take a good HOT bath any hour of the day or night, and to be able to wander down the aisles of a supermarket where you can buy anything from brush rollers (we left for Africa back in the days of bobbie pins) to chocolate-flavored Metracal (also new to us), not to mention getting to watch a certain Dr. Ben Casey on television. This, to me, is home and as Cousin Minnie Pearl always says, "I am so proud to be here!"

Travel is really a contrast here in the most modern country in the world as compared with Tanganyika, perhaps one of the most remote. It is hard to get used to driving on the right side of the road because in Tanganyika the right side is the wrong side. We can also carry more people in America than in Tanganyika, because all of the space that is normally taken up in Africa with extra gas, water, oil, spare parts and tools is available here for people and luggage. American roads are one of the wonders of the world. The highways and byways of East Africa have a long way to go before they can be compared with the freeways of the States. Four lanes with a surface as smooth as glass is my idea of really living. Cars that change gears for themselves are certainly a contrast to a driver who has had to use all eight gears on a jeep. My foot still falls with a thud on the floorboard in search of that clutch.

Lisa walked right off the plane and into her grandmother's arms. She has not strayed far from her since. At first she was reluctant to play outdoors in the yard by herself, but we finally persuaded her that even at dusk, there are no leopards to fear. Her favorite pasttime is television and the first time she was not successful in getting a picture to come on the screen, she concluded, "Well, Daddy, maybe the battery's finished." Everything back home in Tanganyika, remember, operates on batteries--radio, record player, flashlight, etc. All of us are enjoying the miracle of around-the-clock, twenty-four hours-a-day electricity. Lisa is to begin kindergarten at Houston Christian School soon, so for her "the best is yet to be." I don't want to keep you in suspense, dear reader, so I promise to bring you up to date on all the Horne Happenings when we return to Tanganyika in a few months time. Until then I promise to dust my diary off regularly because, after all, it holds within its pages our precious memories of Tanganyika. KWA HERI (goodbye) for now.

(The following is a song composed for us by brother Bill Davis, then song leader of the Garland Road church of Christ in Dallas, Texas. The song was presented at an appreciation gathering organized for us by our sponsoring church, Garland Road, just before our return to the mission field early in 1963.)

THE MISSIONARY CALYPSO

Dedicated to the Al Hornes, 1963

Bill Davis

1. Many a year ago, from the red white and blue
 did go,
 To Africa to preach to lost souls, Eldred
 Echols was a-meeting his goal.
2. He preached both far and wide to people on
 the other side;
 He converted a young man, Al Horne, In
 the country where he was born.

3. O, Al came to A. C. C. to prepare as a missionary;
While there in a class he did meet a girl he did think was so sweet.
4. So finally he decided that she was to be his own bride;
Many a week he did sing in Houston about the wedding.
5. His land was far away; In Texas she wanted to stay;
As a good wife she consent; To Africa then they were sent.
6. Swahili they did learn in order for souls to earn;
Preaching was often in rain while headin' out on the great plains.
7. O, Al was in such a great whirl; to him Donna gave a baby girl;
Lisa was her chosen name, much pleasure and joy was her aim.
8. Through many hardships and toil, they tried not the child to spoil;
A little playmate she had none until baby Lynda did come.
9. Now, after the joys of a rest, they returned to their difficult task,
To preach to lost souls far away; May God keep and bless them we pray.

Chorus

Al is a fine young man
From the land of the African
What he cannot do, Donna can!
The preacher-man, preaching the plan.

February, 1963

Well, we are home again in Tanganyika. I promised to let you in on all our doings of late so here goes. While we were in the States we made our headquarters in Pasadena, Texas, with my parents. Al had to travel here and there while reporting to the various congregations who support our work, but the girls and I mostly stayed put in

Pasadena. We soaked up the love of my parents and basked in that of friends and relatives as well. My brother, Mike, was a frequent visitor with his family and, of course, that just made it perfect--having the family circle complete like that once again. The only time I did venture out with Al was to make the rounds among all the dear ones who had befriended both us and our mission work: Opal and Henry Grimsley, Mit and John Mann, Betty and Hamp Herbert, Mildred and Bill Rice, and Mina and Charles Prince. We came away from such loving fellowship of family and friends in Christ greatly refreshed.

We had a wonderful trip back to Africa though, as I told Al, I will always remember the itinerary of that trip by WHO got sick WHERE. Lisa came down with the flu in Germany. I became sick in Jerusalem and, not to be outdone, the baby took sick in Kenya. Al was the only healthy one on the journey and I had my doubts about him. It is a good thing we had our Dr. Mays of Chimala waiting for us at this end of the line.

We appreciated so much those who came out to Love Field that Saturday to see us off. I was sorry I turned on the waterworks as we were boarding the plane, but I was already feeling the sentiments expressed in a card given us. It read: "Something terrible has come between us...DISTANCE!" I guess I was remembering then just how long three years can be and just how far 11,000 miles is.

After leaving Love Field our next short stop was Chicago where we went through customs. By then it was late and we spent the first night of our journey aboard plane crossing the Atlantic. The following morning, we landed briefly in London to re-fuel and then flew on to Frankfurt, Germany, where we spent twenty-four hours in transit.

Because of freezing temperatures, the Frankfurt airport was iced in and we had to circle over the city for one hour in our big Boeing before we were given permission to land. Oh, it was bitterly cold there as we sloshed through the snow. And to our utter dismay, every hotel in the city was booked solid because of a trade fair they were having that week. Finally, we located a place to spend the night--called a hostel--which had been an air-raid shelter for the German people during the war. We trudged up the fifty-two narrow, concrete, circular steps to our room on the third floor. There we discovered it had no windows, no hot water, and no heat (imagine, in below-freezing weather). There was only one blanket for each of the three cots in the room, so with our coats on, we all piled into beds to keep warm. What an experience. At four that afternoon, the American missionary there, Henry Seidmeyer, came by to pick us up for the afternoon worship service. When he saw our cramped and chilly quarters, he insisted we spend the rest of our stay in Frankfurt at his home. It did not take him long to persuade us, either. We were not only "good and ready" to move, we were COLD and ready! I will always be grateful to Henry for rescuing us that day.

The next day saw us on our way to Athens, Greece, by way of Zurich, Switzerland. We stayed in Athens just long enough to visit the Acropolis and Mars Hill. From the latter, there is a marvelous, panoramic view of the city of Athens, and I was thrilled to stand just where Paul must have stood to deliver his oration of Acts 17. I also remember Athens as the place where we ordered three cokes and were charged a whole dollar each for them. Talk about highway robbery!

We took off again in the evening--this time for

Beirut. Since we were in transit to the Holy Land, the airlines put us up at their expense at the fabulous Carlton Hotel. Our room even had two phones in it--one of them in the bathtub so you could talk while in the tub. Lah-de-dah! Since the hotel is situated right on the beachfront, we had a beautiful view of the sea rolling up and onto the beach.

Arriving in Jerusalem next, we checked into the Y.M.C.A. Al turned the radio on in our room and what song should we hear but "Deep in the Heart of Texas", playing with an Arab beat. That did it--more waterworks!

Now if your politics are up to par, you will know that the "Holy City" as it is called is divided into the Jordan side where the Arabs live and the Israel side where the Jews live. In between is a "No Man's Land" and there is such antagonism between the two peoples that anyone caught in that area without permission is immediately shot. We had a visa for both sides of the city and we blondes were certainly a contrast to the swarthy and dark-complexioned Arabs and Jews.

On the Jordan side of the city, our guide was not "Ahab the Arab" (for the benefit of any teenager), but an old Arab named Zachery Abdulla Sabella who claimed he could trace his family in Jerusalem back 700 years. He took us to the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, the church where the Lord's Prayer is written on the walls in forty-seven languages, to Bethlehem, and to the village of Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha. The next day we walked for three hours within the old, walled city of Jerusalem with its narrow and filthy streets, crying children, noise and hub-bub. Then we drove to Jericho and I was impressed with the fact that in his account of the Good Samaritan, Luke records, "Behold, a certain man was going DOWN from Jerusalem to Jericho," because it is downhill all the way right down to the Dead Sea. We also saw the Jordan River and it was so terribly muddy, I could almost understand Naaman's arguing that the rivers in his home country were clearer and cleaner. Crossing over to the Jewish section of the city, we visited King David's Tomb and drove to Joppa by the sea (to the home of Simon the Tanner). Finally, we went to the museum to see the Dead Sea Scrolls and to worship with the local evangelist, Ernest Stewart, and his Jewish converts. Al preached and it was translated into Hebrew.

Everything was so interesting and I just stood in awe to be in a country so full of religious history and Biblical landmarks. Several observations we made: (1) We arrived in Jerusalem on their Sabbath and everything was closed "tighter than a jug." The entire city was hushed. (2) When we saw just how dry, infertile and utterly rocky the land is, we wondered why it was called "The land that flows with milk and honey--the Promised Land."

Since Israel's planes are not allowed to fly over Arab countries, we doubled back over Cyprus, the island, then eastward to Iraq, where we landed in the wee hours of the morning and finally, southward to Nairobi in Kenya, East Africa. Again we were on the plane all night long. Just after dawn we passed over the equator. Landing in Nairobi, it was good to be back on Swahili-speaking soil again. The next day we flew all day long in a little two-engine propeller plane and arrived on schedule in our little town of Mbeya. The Dockerys, Mays, and other friends were there to meet us. I was relieved to notice that it had not rained that day so we could make it up the mountain safely. We did have car trouble halfway up, though, so then I knew for sure we were back in Africa again. That and the fact that we were met by an angel. At least, that was his name--"Angel".

And now, tune in again next month for another exciting episode in the life of Donna Horne, missionary.

March, 1963

Talk about the "Dark Continent", this is it and especially during the rainy season. Some days we do not even see the sun at all and it is those days when things seem especially dark and dreary. We laughed when one of our friends wrote, "I guess some things look black to you over there--the natives for example." Well, that is not all. The first few days after our arrival here, we spent unpacking and putting in place the things we had left behind in storage. My first reaction to the task was, "Oh, rats." That is because rats had been into all our things. I only own one nice piece of furniture, a couch, and wouldn't you know it, the rats had made a meal out of its cushions. When I discovered it, I just wanted to sit right down and cry, and I may yet.

The next thing was to stock up on groceries again. During the rains we cannot go into town whenever we like, so we must buy things in large quantities--like the 224 pound bag of sugar we bought and the fifty-six pound can of powdered milk. We cannot get fresh milk here. To my pleasant surprise, we were able now to buy popcorn here and locally-made marshmallows. I said "locally made"--actually, they come from Nairobi which is 600 miles away. But Africa is so vast that is almost next door.

Another part of our work here which we resumed was our classes. Pat Dockery and I teach Bible classes to the student-wives, another for their children, and a sewing class for the women as well. The ladies have already completed a baby blanket each and now they are ready to start sewing a simple baby dress, all by hand, of course. In addition, we have a story hour or playtime for the children which they dearly love.

Last Sunday morning we worshipped at Mapunga village. Two Christians had come to church with spots all over their bodies. I immediately thought about smallpox, but surely, I reasoned, they knew better than to come around others with such a contagious disease. After church, one of the villagers told me that those spots were caused by "Mdui" (Swahili for, you guessed it, smallpox) and that three people there had died of it that very week. Our first concern was for the Dockery's five-month-old baby who, being so young, had not yet had her smallpox shot. They rushed her into town that afternoon, though, to get it, so now things are once again under control. But imagine coming to church with smallpox! That is Africa for you.

The week before, we went to the village of Uturo where the church has been recently established. We awoke at a quarter to seven and all of us piled into the Dockery's landrover. Down the mountain we went along the Great North Road, off onto a narrow trail and finally, we struck out into the bush country. A native preacher, Samweli, got out and walked in front of our vehicle to show the way. With all of us behind him, that is one preacher who really "had a following." The country was rough and we were far off the beaten track. Sometimes the jeep would jolt suddenly and we would be "up a stump" literally. At the village were gathered sixty people (including thirteen Christians), twenty chickens, two dogs, and what seemed like ten thousand and two cattle flies. That is the kind that gets onto your face and around your eyes and will not budge for love nor money. As Al puts it, they "stick closer than a brother."

We watched an old woman as she rolled her own cigarettes. Squatting there in the dust, she puffed away, eyeing us all the time. At least they have one Christian principle in that village--that of sharing. Another came up for a puff and the cigarette made the rounds. During church the old woman snuffed out two cigarettes and squatted there again, this time with a cigarette stuck behind each ear. I hope she doesn't start a new fashion. The sun really beat down upon us as we worshipped. The contribution turned out to be eighteen shillings (about $2.50) and, oh, yes, five ears of corn.

The Dockerys had just gone into town and we were all alone here (the Echols family was still in America) when we were told that a student's baby had just died. The child, about our own Lynda's age, had been sick since January with either cerebral malaria or amoebic dysentery (or possibly both). The child died around noon and by four o'clock, he had already been buried down by the village. It was all so depressing, maybe because of the constant drip-drip-drip of the rain. Al preached the funeral and, as he expressed it, "Even the sky was weeping for the death of one so young." It did seem that tear-drops were falling everywhere, both indoors and out. We held the funeral service in our church building with one of the natives sitting up on the front bench with the little body in his arms. It was draped in a blanket and on the floor beside him sat the child's mother. After the service we donned our rubber boots, raincoats and umbrellas, and single-file walked to the grave site. After singing some hymns, the men placed the little body in the grave. Then they covered it with a grass mat and with tree limbs and grasses, and finally, with earth. When this happened, the child's mother began to mourn and wail in the way that only primitive people can. It was all so eerie. Then as she cried out, "My baby, my baby!" (it has been her only child), another of the natives began to chant and sing an African funeral dirge. Finally, the tears mixing with the raindrops, we turned and one by one walked back by the hut of the deceased child. We left the mother there but others stayed with her till ten that night singing hymns to comfort her. Today Patsy and I took some food to the family and inquired as to whether it is an African custom to place flowers on the grave. "Yes, it is a custom," replied one woman, "But we Africans are lazy people." So with the father of the child again leading the way and with the rain still peppering down, Pat and I walked to decorate the grave with fern and roses and brilliant poinsettias from our yard. In all the mission work we had done, I have never experienced such a sad day. We found comfort, though, in the words Al chose as the text for the funeral service: "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." We are so thankful for this message of hope and salvation not only for us, but for all of Africa's benighted people.

April, 1963

Can you hear our rain splish-splashing? We have had so much of the wet stuff that a friend commented, "Africa sounds like fun if you are web-footed." At least the rains serve a good purpose--they show who is smart enough to come in out of it. Seriously, the cold, wet weather has really taken its toll. The sad news came that another of our student's babies has died--a little boy, two months old, of pneumonia.

Whoops! Someone's fallen off the mountain again. The eighth hairpin curve on our mountain road proved to be real unlucky for one of our African neighbors. He turned his jeep over and it landed down below--completely upside down. The driver said his brakes failed and, after seeing the wrecked vehicle, I believe it.

You have heard of Physical Fitness Programs where people are encouraged to take fifty mile hikes? Well, last week one of our students and his wife walked a hundred miles from their home village to reach our school. I would say they wanted to attend the Bible School pretty badly to walk that far.

Before we left America, we shipped some used clothing for the Africans along with tools, personal effects, etc. When we received notice that our ship was due to land in Dar-es-Salaam on April 1st, we made plans to go there to clear our things through customs. By then we were more than ready to get our personal clothing off the ship and onto our backs. We had been virtually living out of our suitcases since we left the States. Besides, the leopard skin I had been wearing was getting a little worn by then.

On the way to Dar, we stopped for evening worship along the road. When I say stopped, I mean we stopped--three times we stopped! The first time the "Siafu" (safari ants) invited themselves to our service. We moved on because if even ONE of them gets hold of you, you will know all about it. It is like being pinched by a tiny pair of pliers, so you can imagine what it would feel like to be invaded by an army of them. We stopped a second time only to have tsetse flies attack us. Since none of us are too keen on getting sleeping sickness, we pushed on to a third spot. No sooner had we settled there when three elephants lumbered along. I read once that an elephant's diet consists of 500 or so pounds of grass a day--plus bananas and tree leaves and fifty or more gallons of water. Since we did not want to be featured on some elephant's menu, we had decided to move on when the elephants beat us to it and ambled away. At last we were able to go ahead with our service. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

On the way home from Dar we had an "ox in the ditch" situation arise. Only it was not an ox, it was our car. The rear wheel bearing went out so the girls and I rode on home with the Dockerys, leaving Al stranded there on the side of the road with our car. We still had a hundred miles to go before reaching home which was a good three hours' drive. Tom took the spare part back to Al that same evening and the two of them returned to the mission at three the following morning. The car still had not been fixed so when it got light, the men went back "to the scene of the crime" and returned home again at ten that night, this time with the repaired car. Meanwhile, back here in the jungle, Pat and I were fasting, but not intentionally. We always have to turn off our kerosene refrigerators before going on a trip so when we returned from Dar, we had no meat, no eggs, no butter, no milk, no ice, and, since we had not had a chance to bake, no bread. We could not even hustle up a sandwich, much less run down to a corner grocery or hamburger joint. What a revolting development that was!

The straw that broke the camel's back, though, was the fact that a few days later a big, bad BAT bit me. That is right, a bat! Al and I were in the end room sorting the used clothing from America when it happened. Dr. Mays got real excited about it and especially when we found a dead bat in that same room the next day. The doctor read up on bats and said that the chances of its carrying rabies was so high I couldn't afford not to take the rabies injections. So I am--one a day for fourteen days--all in the stomach. Only Mbeya did not have the proper rabies vaccine this time, so we had to phone Nairobi and have it flown in from Kenya. Dr. Mays is so kind. He has offered to give me the daily injections. That means I will have to travel down the mountain to Chimala every day for two weeks, but at least I will not have to stay at the Mbeya Hospital for that period of time. All I have got to say is, "Help! Those rabies injections are driving me batty!"

I have never thought of myself as the "school marm" type but that is exactly what I have been lately. Every morning for two and one half hours I can be found in a corner of our bedroom teaching Lisa first grade work. Yesterday was a milestone in the life of my star pupil (naturally she is my star pupil--she is my only pupil). She began her first reader. Listen to her read her first lesson: "Tip. Tip. Tip. No, Tip. No, no, Tip. Tip. Here, Tip." Now see how exciting that was? I can hardly wait for chapter two. Seriously I am indebted to Mina

Prince for providing us with reading books, etc., for Lisa to learn from. That was a real gift.

Guess I will close now with the words of a letter we received this week from an ex-student. As he put it, "Receive fat greetings from my wife," whatever that might mean.

May, 1963

A week ago, the Echols arrived here from their missionary furlough in the States. Now we have three families but only two houses. This reminds me of a sign sometimes seen in a ticket-reservation office: "Standing Room Only". At present, we are sharing the Echols' house with them. It was built in 1911 and is strangely constructed with its eight rooms in a row, one right after another. A long narrow porch runs lengthwise down the front of the house. Until last week that porch had a dirt floor (which in the rainy season became a sea of mud), but now it has been cemented. Hooray for the New Frontier.

To celebrate the Echols' homecoming, we invited the three missionary families from Chimala up to eat. Counting noses, we came up with fifteen adults and nine children. That sure is a contrast to the old days in Tanganyika when there was only one other white couple here besides ourselves. It might interest you to know that the Echols came back by way of India, bringing each of the kids here a snake-charmer's flute. From the looks of it, those things work only too well. We have already had two snakes in our yard in the last six days. We really do not have to worry much, though, because I overheard Lisa telling Pat Dockery, "If I see anything eating your little boy, I will tell you."

My morning's work is cut out for me these days. The first thing I usually do is make my bread so that the loaves can rise and be ready to bake by lunch time. Then I trade my apron in on a smock and become Lisa's school teacher. It is a joy to watch a little child's mind learn and grasp the meaning of the printed word--and especially when that child is one's own. Of course, little sister, Lynda, thinks she has to be in on everything and she is worse than Mary's little lamb.

The native children from Kitekelo village are also learning to read and write. Grandwell, our head teacher, teaches them every afternoon. Of course, since their own Kiwanji language is not yet a written language, Grandwell has to teach them by means of repetition. I hear him every day as he calls out, "A...E...I...O...U" and the children chant back in unison, "A...E...I...O...U." It is interesting to me that though many languages are represented in our immediate vicinity, we all use the same alphabet. In teaching the children to count, Grandwell has them bring a bunch of twigs cut from trees. Each day they bring one more twig to school than the day before.

We also started a new Bible class for the Kitekelo children. Every Saturday around forty meet with us to study, all ages and all sizes, but mostly thin and undernourished. These children are so primitive. We even have to teach them how to lick the gummed stars they put on their attendance charts. Invariably, they lick them on the wrong side, forget to lick them at all, or lose the star somewhere on their little pink tongues. It is funny, too, that such little children should have such long names. Take a deep breath and try these for size: Ambonwile, Tuswilage, Tupolike, Fianjovo, and

Adamuwili. One little one is named "Kisauti" which means "little voice." I supposed we would call him a loud mouth. Evidently, when he was born, he lacked the usual lusty cry of the newborn so they gave him that name.

In the ladies' sewing class, I noticed one who regularly sews while sitting on the ground with her legs stretched out straight in front of her. That is so she can hold the material between her big toe and the one next to it. Then she pulls the material taunt towards her with one hand and works the needle with the other. So there are advantages to not wearing shoes.

Something exciting is coming up soon. We are planning a "Safari for Souls" campaign for June-December of this year. Coming to help us are twelve college-aged boys from America. Just thinking about how much a dozen growing boys can eat has tempted us to dub them, "The Terrible Twelve". I suppose we could follow someone's advice who said, "Let them eat anything that does not eat them first." In Africa, though, that is hardly wise. Then, remembering just how scarce water will be during the dry months the boys will be here and knowing that the boys will probably insist on taking a bath every Saturday night whether they need it or not, we have yet another name for them--"The Dirty Dozen". On a serious note, realizing just how valuable they will be to the church in Tanganyika and just how many Africans will find their place in the Kingdom because of them, we thankfully and prayerfully refer to them as our "Young Timothys". God bless them every one.

We have seen a lot of baboons lately. We think of them as the clowns of the mountain road. When a baby baboon is still small, it will cling tightly (upside down) to its mother's tummy. It looks really comical to see her swinging along like that with her extra "baggage". When the baby grows bigger, it rides piggyback-style, wrapping its skinny arms around the mother's neck. Now our phone wires down to Chimala have once again been put up. The baboons kept swinging on them and breaking them down. Never mind, when the wires are in place for keeps, just give me a call. Remember my number? Jungle--tree, tree, tree.

June, 1963

The stage has been set for our approaching "Safari for Souls" in the adjoining bush country. The plains are studded with sprawling patches of thorny bush and tall, flat-topped acacia trees. The world's greatest natural zoo is out there where great herds of elephants, lions, zebras, giraffes, rhinos, buffalos and antelopes roam freely. It took us eight hours to drive the eighty miles to our camping site, so you can imagine just how bumpy and impossible the roads really are. And I use the word "roads" loosely. There are no formal roads, naturally, just what you cut through the bush yourself. That night we sat around our campfire and had a devotional under the stars. The next morning, with a zebra and topi antelope loaded atop our jeeps to supply us with fresh meat, we set off for home again. The rains have not quite dried up out on the plains, and so the rivers we had to pass over were full of thick, gooey mud. As a result we got stuck several times. Thank goodness for winches to pull us out and for strong trees on the riverbanks to anchor them to! We also had to cross over elephant tracks for perhaps three miles. With their thick, sturdy, treetrunk-like legs, the elephants had walked over that trail during the rains. Now the footprints left remind one of great dried-mud washtubs because they are so massive in size. A jeep must be driven in the lowest possible gear to get out of one elephant track onto another and so on down the trail.

Now let me tell you about Warrington, one of our teachers, who was a confirmed bachelor. Notice I said "was". Last week he was summoned home to Nyasaland by a letter from his family. It seems they had not only picked out a bride for him but had also already paid the bride-price of cattle to her father. All they told poor old Warrington was, "She is a little bit thin." We asked Warrington what would happen if, upon meeting him for the first time, she should decide that she does not want to marry him. He admitted, "That would be a problem." I could tell that he had been worrying about that very thing for Warrington himself is not a "little bit thin". In fact, he is more than a little bit fat! Well, we shall see what happens.

I had to take Lisa into Mbeya to see a dentist because she had lost two of her fillings. The only dentist in Mbeya turned out to be an African one. He did a bang-up job, though, and I was mighty relieved because the next nearest dentist is 500 miles away in Dar. I think that is a bit far to go for the sake of two tiny baby teeth, pearly though they be.

Just a few more days now until our company from America arrives; that is, the twelve who will be helping us preach for the next six months. We are rapidly getting prepared for this rather large addition to our missionary family here. At least our kitchen is looking up. Yesterday Al brought out a whole truck load of supplies and food to help feed the boys. Look at this list:

880 pounds of sugar
1 case of macaroni
224 pounds of powdered milk
1 case of spaghetti
36 pounds of oatmeal
600 pounds of flour
48 bottles of ketchup
96 cans of milk
400 pounds brown beans
540 pounds of potatoes
6 pounds yeast
25 pounds of salt
288 boxes of matches
12 pounds of baking powder
96 pounds canned shortening
96 pounds of canned margarine
144 bars of bath soap
AND
288 bars of soap for washing clothes.

I am sure you will agree that all of that will do for a starter. In the meantime, just call me "MPISHI MKUU" (Swahili for "Chief Cook and Bottle-Washer").

July, 1963

Instead of writing my monthly memo, I feel like I should be writing a script for a soap opera entitled "My Twelve Sons". Our twelve young evangelists have arrived for their six months' stay with us. A few days later, we all took off for the Usangu Plains for the first stage of our "Safari for Souls" preaching campaign among the villages. The boys really seemed to enjoy their experiences preaching out on the plains even though they were confronted with many problems unique to Africa--like whether or not they should baptize the second wife of a polygamist chief. Also, the

Africans are afraid of the "Chinja-Chinja" (assassins) as they call them. They fear the white man who, they have been warned, has come to sell their blood to the government. So they are reluctant to be counted at church, having been told they are being numbered so they can be taken away in large trucks. They are even hesitant to give their names for baptism. It is all very weird and strange.

A typical day on the Plains begins at 6:30. After breakfast the twelve boys are taught Bible and Swahili by Al and brother Echols. After lunch they work on building a bridge across the river nearby to give us access to the villages on the other side. In the evenings they hop in the jeeps and take off for the villages with their portable generators and Biblical slides. A late devotional under the stars and around the campfire ends our day. Then we all snuggle down into our sleeping bags. We feel quite cozy there, too, till the hyennas begin howling in the African night. The first night we were there some elephants even joined in the serenade.

We missionary wives have been teaching daily classes for the villagers. We had one very unusual fellow attend class--an African albino. He looked very much like an American albino only his snow-white hair was kinky and his facial features negroid and flat. Another eye-catcher in our class was the fattest little black baby you ever saw. A real little sugar dumpling!

Once when we had a devotional with the boys, one of them read from Hebrews 13 about "entertaining angels unaware." We three wives agreed then that if we were entertaining twelve angels, we were certainly unaware of it. But now, one month and eighty-seven baptisms later, we are so impressed with the boys' enthusiasm and ability that we have changed their name from the "Terrible Twelve" to the "Terrific Twelve", and from the "Dirty Dozen" to the "Dandy Dozen".

Then there was the cannibal village we came across where we saw a sign which read, "Take the bus--leave the driver to us." We did just that. (Do you believe it?)

August, 1963

It would almost take an elephant's memory to remember all the exciting things which have taken place in our "Safari for Souls" lately. We have just returned from twenty-two days of camping out in Africa's bush country, first in the Lulanga area and then by the Mkoje River. The excitement included everything from a leper (who came to our camp to be treated) to a lion who, entering a village just thirty minutes after one of our young white evangelists left it, killed a cow and maimed another. But let me start at the beginning...

The very first morning in camp a snake was discovered by whom else but little Lisa. It was a big puff-adder. That was only the beginning for Lulanga is the "snake-iest" place I have seen yet. Nearly every day we were there we killed a snake and one day, our boys killed four brown cobras--two of whom were in our camp kitchen. That did not include the two that got away, so that made a grand total of six snakes in one day. The place was just crawling with them. Now get set because the next snake story is going to sound like a tall Texas tale, but honest, it is a true Tanganyika tale. One night at camp, Warren, one of the twelve boys, brought in a black hooded cobra he had killed. That is the kind that spits its poison in your eye. Warren had cut the snake's head off in killing it, but he laid down the remaining six-foot length of the cobra so we could see his trophy. We were intently admiring the thing when we noticed what appeared to be the tail of another snake inside the black cobra's throat, sticking out the end. Sure enough, one of the boys began tugging at the protruding tail and out of the black cobra, he pulled a three-foot long yellow cobra. It was unreal! Evidently the black snake had swallowed the yellow one whole, and so, unknown to him, Warren had gotten two snakes in one blow, so to speak.

Another thing in our kitchen was lots of wild meat. The men kept us supplied with antelope meat (both topi and impala) and even buffalo, though it involved being charged by elephants once. You have heard of young married couples who arrive at 101 ways to cook hamburger? Well, we are currently working on 101 ways to fix wild meat. As for our water supply for cooking and drinking purposes, all our water had to be hauled up from the river and then boiled over the campfire for twenty minutes. Finally, it was run through a filter to make it pure for drinking. As you would expect here in the tropics, sometimes the day becomes swelteringly hot. One afternoon the boys were all particularly dry and thirsty when we ran out of drinking water. We just could not filter it fast enough to quench their thirst. Talk about hot! Everyone felt like a wilted lettuce leaf.

The Mkoje River area has been perhaps the most discouraging place in which we have taught. The natives in that place are absolutely terrified of us because of our white skins. In fact, it was difficult in some villages to even get permission from the chiefs for our boys to show their Biblical slides. One village asked them to please arrive in the afternoon hours, so the people could see them in the daylight hours and not be afraid. Another called in a native who owned a shotgun so he could "stand by" while our boys showed their slides. Rumor even got around that the communion wine we passed out to the Christians on Sundays really contained poison, so that we could "dupe" the natives and capture them unawares. The twelve boys ran up against other problems as well, such as natives still practicing animal sacrifices. Another village was preparing for a journey to go and worship their ancestors. I think the boys really know the full meaning of "heathen" now. Then at one village of perhaps ten huts, it was discovered that only one man lived there and the other huts belonged to his many wives. It reminded me of that Tom Swiftie: "I love you as much as I do my other wives," Tom said, "Isn't that big-o-me?"

My biggest moment of this second safari came while I was teaching a class at Lulanga. Two men of the Masai tribe came up and imagine my surprise when they accepted my invitation to attend the class. To my knowledge, this is the first time any Masai tribesmen have ever attended any of our Bible classes. The younger Masai was particularly MARIDADI (Swahili for "beautiful"). He was dressed in the traditional Masai way--red blanket, elaborate and colorful beadwork, long ear-lobes which dangled down onto his shoulders, and reddish mud-plastered braids in his hair. The Masai have a reputation for being a very fierce people. Their presence in my class put me on edge, but I was nevertheless thrilled. I kept reminding myself that their diet consists of cow's blood mixed with milk and not human blood.

By now we are home again. It only took us five hours to come the thirty miles back from camp. That means that we were able to go roughly 6 m.p.h. over the elephant tracks and bumpy terrain of Tanganyika's bush country--and I do mean rough!

September, 1963

In a few days September will slip away from us and with it, our third "Safari for Souls". We camped out twenty-five days this time--two weeks on the Mambe River and another week on the swift- flowing Kimani River. Our first camp was located exactly out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by tall elephant grass. Some of it measured as high as ten to twelve feet tall, towering high above us. Also on safari this month were the ants. They ventured into our tents and any scrap of food left uncovered overnight had a black crust of ants on it the following morning. Our camp was also invaded by Harvester Termites. One of the boys discovered them and called the rest of us to come and see. They were eating everything in their path and honestly, we could hear them marching and munching almost before we could see them. Another "varmit" we had in camp was the "Mango worm". In Africa flies tend to lay eggs on clothing that is still damp from not having been properly ironed dry. These same little eggs get under your skin and hatch open into worms. At one time the Dockery's baby had 29 worms in her back. Dr. Mays opened up each little sore and the worms fairly popped out.

For the past three months we three women have been "feeding the multitudes." Wouldn't you say that is a fair description of twelve teenaged appetites? Anyway, we got a little tired of the same old menus day after day, so we tried a little something different--fried black cobra, to be more exact. It smelled just like fried chicken and tasted like it too, believe it or not.

The other night in camp, Warren crossed over a stream in front of our tents to reach his own tent. We heard him call out, "Python! Bring the axe!" We did--and it was! Five and a half feet long. Warren waded out into the river and fought the python there with the hand axe, finally chopping off its head. Later that night I shuddered to think that the python had been discovered in the very spot of the stream where Lisa and Lynda had been bathing every day. At our first camp we had killed a black mamba. It is the most deadly snake in the world simply because there is no snake-bite serum available. There just isn't any! So if a Mamba bites you, it is just goodbye, cruel world. One of its identifying marks is a small, sinister smile which the mamba always wears. Dead or alive, the thing just smiles at you...and smiles...and smiles.

The Newsweek magazine had an interesting article entitled, "No Laughing Matter". It has to do with a laughing sickness, Africa's most mysterious malady, which has invaded Tanganyika recently. It seems that in one bush town some natives began giggling for no apparent reason, and it soon turned into spasms of violent, uncontrolled laughter. The latest count is that in the past eighteen months, one thousand Africans have experienced this sickness. There is no clue as to its cause, but some blame it on the hexes of the witch doctors. Apparently this is a true account, but my comment is simply, "Ha!"

We have really been blazing new trails in our

"Safari for Souls". So far, there have been around four hundred baptisms. Perhaps the most discouraging thing about these people is their love for "POMBE", the local alcoholic brew. The natives are almost always drunk when the twelve boys go to the villages to preach in the evenings. One day even the fish in the area were drunk. Someone ran up from the river shouting that the fish were dying. We hurried down to the water and could not believe our eyes because the fish were lying on the banks and on the river bottom. Others were swimming wrong side up and even sidewards. Finally, a native explained that the fish were not dead at all--only drunk. A short while later, African women with baskets perched on their heads came trooping along the river bed. We watched them scoop the fish into their baskets. I have always heard that there are more ways than one to skin a cat, and now I am telling you that there are more ways than one to catch a fish. Actually, the natives had ground up leaves from a certain type of tree, we were told, and it was this "leaf-powder" that caused the fish to be drunk. We live and learn.

As I said, September is nearly finished and after twenty-five days of camping out in Tanganyika's bush country, I am nearly finished myself. More specifically, I am bushed!

October, 1963

By this time, Halloween with its spooks and goblins is almost upon our heels. After all, this being the land of witchcraft and black magic, Halloween must have originated here in Africa.

Why, this very month at the village of Irongo where Al has been teaching, they had a real witch hunt. It was no publicity stunt either, but the real thing--complete with a trial and witnesses.

Now guess what! It rained today. That is not so spectacular really unless I add that we have not had any rain at all for about six months. In view of this, you would think I would have been on the Welcoming Committee but quite to the contrary, I was not too happy about the sudden shower. You see, when it began to rain, Al, Lisa, and I were riding in an open army jeep on our way to teach at Iponjera Village. Need I say more?

The first place we have camped is the Tukuyu area which is a hundred miles from the mission. As we approached the new camping site, we could see the comparative prosperity of the Wanacheusa tribe among whom we would be working. We even saw one hut with real glass windows. Another had an outdoor kitchen. Several had tin roofs instead of the traditional thatch. What is this world coming to? As for the actual camping spot, it is the most picturesque yet. A tropical paradise! If the Africans had their own version of Evangeline, the perfect setting would be here because "this is the forest primeval." Our tents are pitched right on the bank of a clear, swift-flowing stream, and we are surrounded on every hand by palms, ferns, banana plants and bamboo forests. Everything is so mossy and green--a real jungle. Our camp is nestled down in a valley and snuggles up against a mountainside with a sheer backdrop of a hundred feet or so. I wouldn't be surprised if any moment now, Tarzan were to appear on the scene and utter his ear-piercing cry.

We have found the people here very friendly and receptive towards the gospel. Among the 150 baptisms in the past week or so have been a former denominational preacher and two other former ministers as well. Such a response is gratifying but the friendliness and utter curiosity of the local people we could sometimes do without. Every day there are so many natives milling around our camp, you can not stir them with a stick. They flock from miles around to stare at us. As a result, we have all solemnly promised never again to stare into the monkey cage at the zoo. One of the boys laughingly said that he could just see how a native guide would describe us. After viewing the den of leopards, cage of lions, etc. he would announce, "And now we come to the 'people cage'" (and that would be us).

Among our daily visitors has been an albino child. His mother's skin is extremely black, but that of her child is pinkish and blotched. Her eyes are typically inky black, but his are a mottled effect of brownish-gray. With his snow-white but kinky and woolly hair, he can't have much of a future in Africa because even his own people refer to albinos as "monkeys". Poor little fellow.

Another strange sight in camp was a snake skin. Luckily, it was just the skin and not the snake. It was a python skin and measured fourteen feet and two inches in length. Can you imagine? I would sure hate to have met up with him before he was skinned. It was bad enough after! I would hate to have been one of his squeezed victims.

Our main task as missionary-wives has been to try and fill up the twenty-four "hollow legs" of our twelve adopted sons. It looks like we may have been doing a good job of it because one of them has gained twenty-seven pounds since he came. I guess that should be recommendation enough were we to officially apply for jobs as "camp cook". On the other hand, one day at noon our meal was comprised mostly of left-overs. It must have looked it, too, because one boy was overheard saying, "Before we eat, shall we sing one verse of 'Ready to Suffer'?" He is the same one who, when begging for second helpings, quips, "I was hungry and ye fed me not."

Ken, our Christian builder at Chimala (an Englishman) had an emergency appendectomy in Mbeya. It only took them six hours to get all the equipment ready. Then when complications arose, a special plane had to be chartered to come all the way down from Nairobi to transport him there. It is our closest, big medical center even though it is a thousand miles away. The men tried to phone Nairobi the following day but were told the "wires were down." Isn't that something? I always told Al I would follow him to the ends of the earth and it looks as if I have.

November, 1963

I am glad to be able to report that "all is quiet on the home front." By now, you have probably received the news that there has been some fighting and blood-shed going on in the streets of Tanganyika's capital city. In fact the soldiers captured the city, took over the Post Office, telegraph company, government offices, and the prime minister's home--also the British and American embassies. Shops were looted and several natives killed. It seems it was not a political uprising at all, as rumored at first, but a revolt of the African army against its white officers and low wages. To show what a remote spot we are in, we actually did not know anything at all about the excitement until our Matamba Village neighbors, an American anthropologist and his German-born wife, came over to tell us. They had heard the news over the radio, so we spent the next few hours trying to tune the static out of our shortwave and the news in. I must say it was a little disquieting because only the week before, Zanzibar, which is just fifty miles off our Tanganyikan coast, revolted against its government. But, as I said, all is quiet now.

Our last big camp was at Tukuyu, remember? Our last week there, several significant things happened. First, our deep freeze for the safari finally konked out on us as the head gasket to the generator broke. That meant we had no way to refrigerate our meat, so much of it spoiled in the heat of the day. We also had to settle for lukewarm drinks with our meals when anyone of us would gladly have traded our mess of pottage for "the pause that refreshes"--an ice-cold coke. Secondly, we acquired somebody new, a monkey named Mr. B. Scratch ("B" standing for BOZO). Then we were told that we should have named him "MISS B. Scratch" ("B" standing for Bozanne this time. Get it? He was a she!) Anyway, Bozanne is very intelligent and quite up to scratch. She especially makes a monkey out of herself when she eats. Her favorite food would have to be apples--the most expensive fruit in the country, because it has to be imported. Thirdly, and more important, the greatest opportunity I have had yet for teaching in Africa presented itself to me that final week in Tukuyu. I was given permission to teach an afternoon class each day at the African Holiness School. The native headmaster, a new Christian himself, dismissed the entire school for my class each day. That means I had the entire enrollment, 223 children, in class--aged from six to sixteen years old. Some of them had seen the Bible slide-showing by our twelve boys at their home villages but, imagine my surprise, when at the conclusion of that first day's lesson, twenty-four of the older students said they wanted to be baptized. That opportunity to teach the native children at that school really paid off.

The month ended with a trip to Dar-es-Salaam. It was wonderful to be back in civilization again after roughing it for six months on safari. After all, Dar is a big, thriving city now. It has four traffic lights these days. How about that? We are not staying in the city itself, as we rented cottages out by the sea, a thirty-minute drive away. It is cooler out there. Living on the sea, we have really had a variety of seafood to eat--everything from lobster and shrimp to eel. One of the boys even spotted an octapus while out spear-fishing in the reef. Yes siree, it is really grand to be back in the big city again.

December, 1963

"Twas the night after Christmas and all through the hut, not a creature was stirring but...me! And I am writing to you!" Yes, our fourth Christmas in Africa is now a memory. Our stockings were "hung by the chimney with care," the traditional tree was trimmed (though the electricity plant has been broken, lo, these many months and the children never did get to see the tree all lit up), and we had turkey with all the trimmings. We bought the ten-pound turkey in Mbeya, though originally it had come from America. It cost us a pretty six shillings a pound (nearly a dollar a pound), but it was so tender it was worth every penny. Then, too, though I did not see him, I am sure old Santa must have been wearing his fur-lined raincoat when he visited us. December is supposed to be our warmest month, but it is also the beginning of the six months' rainy season. That accounts for the dampness and constant chill in the air. Br-r-r!

The time came when we had to say good-bye to our Safari Sons. I believe the hardest thing I ever did was to stand there and watch those boys troop onto that big airliner, knowing that they would be home in time for Christmas while we would still be way over here in Africa over ten thousand miles away. Those of us staying behind did a lot of wishful thinking along about then, I can tell you. We also realized that after being so closely associated with those boys for six months, we were really going to miss their bright and shiny faces. The Dark Continent was not quite so dark for us while they were here.

School resumes again next week. Already new students are turning up. One from Nyasaland is named "Beverage". Al said he did not know whether to enroll him or drink him. Also, in the names department, Grandwell, our head African teacher, became a parent for the fourth time recently. Sure enough, it was another girl. Perhaps that is why they named the baby "Sokwani" which means "to be sorry". They so wanted a son this time. Grandwell explained that the grandmother had suggested the name "Chizamsoka" meaning "She has come under sorrowful conditions", so out of the two names, I suppose they picked the lesser of the two evils.

Another new student, Alfonse, brought his wife with him and she has the most heavily scarred face

I have seen yet on a native. She is of the Makonde tribe and evidently those elaborate scar patterns are tribal markings which have been cut into her flesh with knives. Anyway, she could really give the tattooed man in the circus competition. In fact, her face is so fully patterned it would make his look tame by comparison.

And now, I don't suppose it is too late to add, in the words of jolly old St. Nick, "A merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

January, 1964

We are still distributing used clothing from American Christians and, although we have had no "purple shoes with crimson linings" to give away, many a grandly-dressed Little Black Sambo has been seen leaving our premises the last few days. One little boy I helped dress up was "KI-SAUTI" ("Little Voice"). He certainly lives up to his name. When he left, I did not even hear a "Thank you". That is one of our biggest jobs here--teaching the natives to show appreciation.

Tanganyika Bible School got underway again this month. The wives of new students in my class represent five different African tribes--Wasangu, Wanji, Wanacheusa, Tumbuka, and Wamakonde. You can see the language problems this presents, so we teach through interpreters. Also, four of the women cannot even read or write. Most of them have the equivalent of second or third grade education, though the highest attained the fifth grade. I really expected one woman in the class to give me trouble. Why, you ask? Because that is her name--TABU for "trouble". It beats me, but in my four years in Africa, I have heard of several African girls named TABU for "trouble", but never is that name applied to a boy. I just cannot understand it. I also have a woman in class named "Flyness" and another named Rosebell, the wife of Godfly. Like their educational accomplishments, their names sometimes leave much to be desired.

We have a new neighbor. That is not so unusual really except that this one is white. Art Laramie has moved onto our mountain and lives just a few miles away at Matamba. He is the first Quaker I have ever known personally. I must admit that I was a little disappointed that he did not even once say "Thee" and "Thou". After hearing my children say "me" and "mine" so much of the time, those other words would have been a pleasant change. Anyway, after some FRIENDLY PERSUASION, Art told us that he was sent here to do social work among the natives. His official title is something like "Director of Community Development in the Njombe District". We all had a good laugh when we heard that and threatened to draw up a petition so Art will have to install a bowling alley for us. In spite of his title (and I do not see the connection really), Art was sent here to teach the natives how to build chicken coops--seriously!

A little more about this year's students. Our youngest is fifteen years old and the oldest fifty. There are forty-four students in all this new school year. Two of them know seven languages each. That is slightly more than we Americans can boast. One student claims to know Arabic. There are several Arabic words, as a matter of fact, incorporated into Swahili. Dar-es-Salaam is Arabic for "Haven of Peace". Believe me, it is just that when we missionary families get to go there periodically for a few days.

February, 1964

I have always heard it said that "a dog is man's best friend." Not so here in Tanganyika, though. In fact these days, "an umbrella is man's best friend." We are only halfway through our six months' long rainy season now, and sometimes it rains for days on end. No wonder I can't get in the mood to teach anything other than "Noah's Ark".

Headlines this month tell of a man-eating leopard on the loose in our area. He actually killed a native man at a nearby village and then a few days later, eight of our native women were out gathering firewood when they happened to spot him no more than forty feet away. They said they just dropped their firewood on the spot and ran. I can believe that those babies they were carrying on their backs didn't slow them down any either in their haste to reach the safety of the village.

Other newsmakers have been the snakes. Why, we even had a "Double Header" the other day--TWO snakes killed on the same day. The children discovered the first one, a poisonous night adder, while playing out in the yard. We mamas ran to the rescue and pronto! There we saw a sight which so fascinated us we nearly forgot to step back out of the way so the snake could be killed. The snake had the hind leg of a big frog in his mouth, and he didn't seem to think it impolite at all to be eating there in front of us. Then, in the afternoon, another snake, this time a three-foot-long boom-slang (tree snake), crawled into one of the bathrooms here on the mission. So between the leopard still at large and all the snakes found in the yard, on our porches and even in the bathroom, we mothers are inclined to be "smother mothers", I am afraid--never leaving the children alone for a single minute!

We began recently for the first time putting the native women of the school in charge of the communion preparation. Last Lord's Day, I smiled to see Rueben's wife, Talita, walking nonchalantly towards home with the communion set balanced on top of her head. I will guarantee you she didn't drop any of it in the quarter-mile to her house either, though that perched so precariously on her head included two full trays of glasses, two bread plates and two collection plates. Well, as Al commented, these native women do use their heads!

I see in today's paper that there are only fifteen more shopping days till Christmas. Don't get alarmed, it is just that our American newspapers take so long by ship to reach us. Anyway, I am only now on the December 10th (1963) issue. Boy, oh boy, are we ever behind the times.

March, 1964

I wonder if anyone in the States would like to make a trade? Along about now, after three solid months of rain and three more to go, I would gladly swap some of it for a little March wind. Sometimes our rains are gentle and persistent, but more often the drops are big and heavy. They plunge down from the sky in a torrential downpour with a kind of savage intensity. Of course, in the heavy rains, isolation increases. It has been three weeks now since I have gotten to go into town, much less set foot off this mountain. If you think I am complaining a wee bit, well, maybe I am.

We have just had a Friday the thirteenth. Here in Africa, we do not worry so much about a black cat crossing our path as we do a spotted cat--that is, a leopard. Talk about bringing bad luck, a leopard could. The bad thing is you might not live to tell about it either.

Imagine our surprise when we opened up the Tanganyika newspaper to see an article entitled, "Witchcraft Warning to Chimala Area". It went ahead to warn the people in this very area where we live to stop their belief in witchcraft. It strongly advised them not to make any more trips to Nyasaland country to seek the advice of a magician there named "Chihanga". So...guess I will have to call off that trip to Nyasaland I had planned for next month. Ha.

Besides his role as "roving evangelist" among the village churches, Al has doubled as ambulance driver lately. A knock on our door in the dead of the night always means one thing to us--and that is, a hurried trip down the mountain to take someone to the doctor. Al usually goes down to the clinic with two passengers and comes back with three. This last time he only beat the stork to the clinic by two minutes. Then, because there was no electricity, Al had to hold the flashlight while Dr. Huddleston, Dr. Mays' replacement, helped with the birth.

As in America, a birth generates new interest in names. One baby here is named "Muzondi" which means "ill will". I think I would have a complex if my parents had named me that, wouldn't you? Probably the prettiest name I have heard here is "Fumbamtine" which means "Ask the heart". I guess that down deep I am an incurable romantic!

The newest baby on the mission has been named a rather unusual name. I am afraid he is destined to go through life to the tune of "Arbogast Bruce Chale". You know, I feel about the name "Arbogast" like I do a PURPLE COW. Remember the poem, "I have never seen a purple cow, and I never hope to see one, etc."? Well, I will tell you this: I would rather SEE an "Arbogast" than BE one, hadn't you? To show their appreciation, little Arbogast's daddy wrote Al a thank-you letter. Among other things it said was, "...with much love you came down to pick up my wife." It was signed, "With our deeply hearts we thank you." This shows that there are some things we can learn from the unsophisticated and childlike ways of the African. Many churches and individuals have been so generous and kind towards us and our work here in Africa that with our deeply hearts, Al and I thank them, too.

April, 1964

The song says something about "though April Showers may come your way." Well, I don't think folks in America need worry about that because all the showers have been coming our way here in East Africa. Just when we thought the rainy season was on its way out, here came some real gully-washers. The worst one occurred last week while I was teaching at Ukongoni Village. Leaving our jeep at the side of the road, Al, the girls, and I set out single-file for the little hut in the distance where class is held every Thursday afternoon. Accompanied by our African interpreters, we followed a narrow, winding path through a wheat field, then a corn field. We skirted several clumps of mud huts, etc., until we reached the one where classes were assembled. Al teaches the men while I teach the women and children. No sooner had I begun when a real deluge of rain poured down on us. Oh, yes, that little hut had a thatched grass roof but it was of little help. Every time I paused between sentences to let my interpreter translate into the other language, I had to hop desperately around from spot to spot trying to move and protect my flannelboard and figures. Those things are hard to come by over here so I knew I could not afford to let them be ruined by rain. We had a good turn-out, though, in spite of the downpour. I was especially impressed to learn that one mother in the group had her baby with her on her back. Her baby was not quite three days old. Here was a woman who had what most folks would consider two ready-made excuses not to come to Bible study--a new baby and the rain. Yet there she was, eagerly listening to the Word of God.

Also there at Ukongoni Village is an old man who smokes a very unusual and fascinating type of native pipe. Far more impressive to me, though, is the fact that he has six wives. He even asked if his youngest could be baptized. Our most faithful Christian there is a real jewel of an African man. He ought to be with a name like "Diamond". In that same area there has been a real witchcraft scare lately. There have been so many seemingly healthy and vigorous African adults die recently, it is rumored that the deaths are being caused by witches. They have not actually gotten around to the "witch sniffing" stage yet, but rumors are flying.

Now the latest news scoop. You realize, I am sure, that over here in Africa we cannot get American news broadcasts over the shortwave so we listen to the British newscasts. We were all excited a few months ago when it was announced that Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandria, and the Duchess of Kent all had something more in common than their royal heritage. They are all expecting babies. We were even more excited recently to learn that another "royal bundle" is expected. This time it is Princess Donna of the House of Horne who is expecting. Yes, Yours Truly will welcome His or Her Majesty sometime in August. By then we should be moved 2500 miles south of here to southern Africa which will be the scene of our next work in the Kingdom.

We are hoping to set up a Preacher Training School there similar to Tanganyika Bible School. It will be great to be able to enroll Lisa in a proper school down there, too. She will be seven this year and though I have been her schoolteacher so far, it will be nice to hand over my teaching job to the real McCoy.

May, 1964

Another quiet, uneventful month has slipped by here in Tanganyika. Oh, yes, I forgot! We did kill a black cobra out in our back yard. Our big German Police watchdog is sporting a broken leg and numerous other wounds which we suppose were inflicted by the claws of a vicious leopard or baboon. The latter sounds rather ridiculous until you realize that some baboons in this area weigh as much as 200 pounds and would make admirable sparring partners. At any rate, the dog is wearing a cast on his leg--another grim reminder that in the wilds of Africa like this, even a big dog is not always safe.

If you hear of anyone wanting to try out a new recipe, here is one for "elephant stew". First you get a medium sized elephant. Cut into bite-sized pieces (this should take about two months), cook over kerosene fire for four weeks at 465 degrees, add salt and pepper to gravy. It serves 3,800 people. If unexpected numbers should arrive, add a couple of rabbits unless you do not like hare in your stew. What is that? You reckon a lot of people's pantry shelves are short on canned elephant right now???

Life among the Wanji tribe is always interesting. At Ukongora Village the children always run when they see me coming. Some of them are so afraid, they run the other way. The smaller ones fear our rather anemic and pale faces which are a contrast to their own. Last week we were waiting for the people to assemble when I heard a little voice "crying in the wilderness." It was loudly and tearfully protesting the presence of "WAZUNGU" (white people) in the village. Finally, his mother went over to the bushes and drug out this pitiful little squealing fellow who was absolutely terrified of us. He insisted upon squatting in the middle of the path during the entire class period with a blanket draped completely over him. I guess he reasoned like the ostrich who buried his head in the sand, "If I cannot see you, then you cannot see me."

Do you know anyone else who ever had to drive a thousand miles to see the doctor? I have had to do that very thing, all the way to Salisbury, Rhodesia. Since I have the RH-negative type blood, I had to have a Coombs Test. We have no pathologist in all of Tanganyika. The trip was long and tiring and even that is an understatement. The bush along either side of the red dirt road was barren, rather drab and monotonous. As we drove along in the jeep, a long wake of red powdery dust billowed behind us like a giant mushroom-shaped cloud, rose in the air, and then slowly settled. It was a whole day-and-a-half's drive before we came to the first paved road. Shortly after that, we passed by a leper's colony. Another interesting sight was the sign reading, "Beware, elephants". I could not tell whether they were warning us against the elephants or warning the elephants against us. Further along, we drove through the enclosed shed where our jeep was sprayed for the tsetse fly. While in Rhodesia we also stopped by to see Nhowe Mission for the first time. There I met Sister W. N. Short who, by comparison, makes my five years in Africa seem measly indeed. Let us see, to catch up with her, I only have thirty-eight more years to go. Guess I better get started...

June, 1964

This time last year we were eagerly awaiting the twelve boys' arrival from America for our "Safari for Souls". This year we settled for just two boys and they only stayed with us five days. Melvin and Allen, two ACC boys, were on their way to work with Nhowe Mission in Rhodesia for six months. They stopped by here for a quick look at our preachers' training school. On Sunday we gave them their very first experience in preaching with native interpreters at the villages of Igurusi and Ikwavila. Then we also wanted to give them an impression of the wildlife of Tanganyika, so we took them out on the plains to spend the night in a tent. There they saw the usual game--antelope, zebra, giraffe, jackal, etc.--and during the night they also heard the roar of lions nearby and the trumpeting of elephants out in the bush. Oh, yes, they killed two puff-adders on their one-night safari. All that was in less than twelve hours' exposure to the rawness of up-country Africa. Early this morning we bade the two boys farewell as they climbed aboard the little single-engined, five-seater plane to begin the final leg of their journey to Rhodesia.

They don't call Tanganyika "The Land of Wait Awhile" for nothing. I thought that by now we would surely have completed our move to South

Africa and be beginning our new work there, but it has taken months to get the necessary papers, pack and crate our things, and get the vehicles ready for the long 2,000-plus mile trip to our new home. Since the new baby is due in a few weeks time, the girls and I will fly to South Africa while Al will drive down the five-ton truck with all our furniture and personal effects. The connections the airlines have made for us are not the best in the world for, incredible as it may seem, it looks like we will have to fly approximately 1500 miles out of our way. First, we are to fly 500 miles EAST, then 500 miles NORTH to Nairobi in Kenya, and only then will we fly south back down over Tanganyika and on towards South Africa. See what I mean? In order to get out of Tanganyika by air, and in order to travel south, we first have to travel east, then north and finally, south. We will probably meet ourselves coming and going. I hate to go ahead of Al like this, but it is imperative that I have required blood tests again as soon as possible. I am glad there will be good doctors "south of the border, down Benoni way".

Since this is the last time I will be writing a monthly memo from here, I suppose this could be called my "Swan Song", at least as far as Tanganyika is concerned. Leaving a mission field like Tanganyika is hard to describe for many emotions are involved. After five years here, the African is familiar and dear to us. Though his world is difficult to enter and sometimes hard to understand, we have been caught up and absorbed in the lives of these primitive peoples. Though we are leaving this area we will long remember God's people in Tanganyika--the little children with their poor swollen bellies and distended navels, the mothers who peer shyly at us as clouds of flies hover around their sore eyes, the ebony-skinned fathers whose hair is thick and wiry with a razor parting, the gaunt old men and women who squat by their shabby mud huts. We have doctored them while telling of the Great Physician. We have fed them while breaking to them the Bread of Life. We have clothed them while describing the White Robes and the Crown Incorruptible. And...we have loved them! Now in a few days' time we will be shaking their hands in the traditional way--clutching first the palm of the hand and then the thumb, telling them goodbye for the last time. Someone has said that "bush living, like olives, is an acquired taste." I learned to like olives long ago, and I have also learned to love our five years of missionary life here in the bush. But now, shall I say, I am having to change my diet. So South Africa--good old civilization--here we come. Meanwhile, who knows, now that I have recorded all my Tanganyika tales, I can begin a South African saga telling all about our mission work there. So, as they say in Swahili, "Tutaonana" ("We shall see you again").

APPENDIX OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

On behalf of the Horne family, I would like to express our personal appreciation to all those congregations of the Church of Christ in Texas who were financially supportive of the work in Tanganyika:

Broadway, Bellfort, Lawndale and Memorial of Houston;
41st and Avenue T of Temple;
Oaklawn (Glen Garden) of Fort Woth;
Garland Road (Highland Oaks) of Dallas;
and
"The Mop Brigade" (A Group of Christians who took over the church's janitorial duties so that funds could be diverted to missionaryy work) of League City.

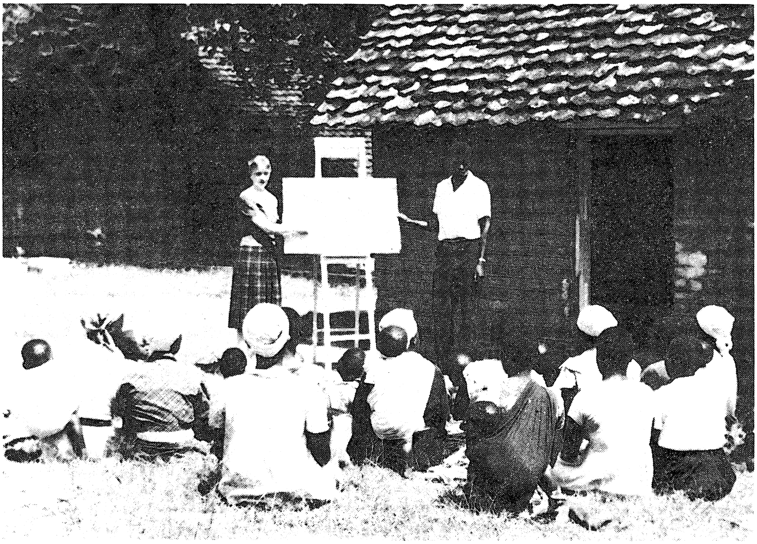
To the above and all others who held up our hands and hearts in the work, we express our loving thanks. May God continue to bless the Tanganyika Bible School which is still in existence there today and may the Son of His love continue to shine down upon the DARK CONTINENT, even as Isaiah expressed it in 9:2 . . .

"The people walking in darkness
have seen a great light;
On those living in the land of the shadow
of death, a light has dawned."

Donna Horne
P. O. Box 688
Benoni 1500
South Africa
January 2, 1986

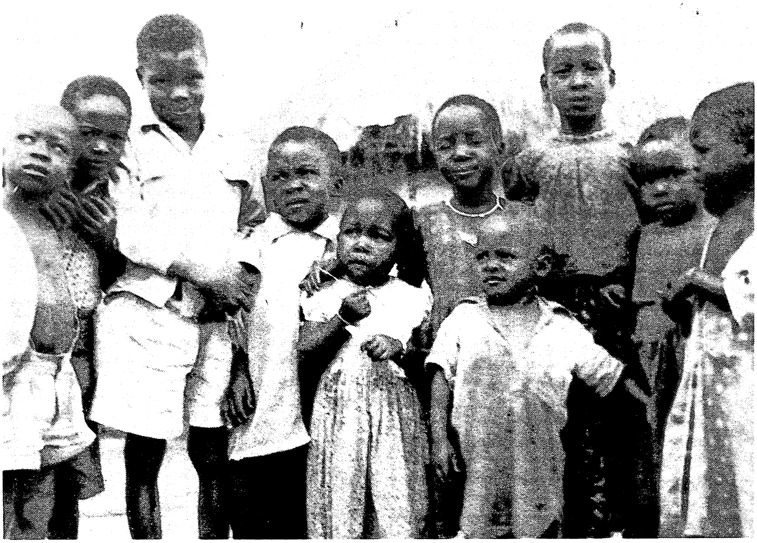
33. Stephen and Belina Mokaka came to us from Johannesburg, South Africa. They are of the Basuto tribe. He was the student who had considerable difficulty in entering the country because of travel documents, and some of his clothing was stolen while in transit. Although Stephen is an older man, he was one of our more capable students. He has now returned to the work in South Africa and appears to be a real power in the work among his own people there.

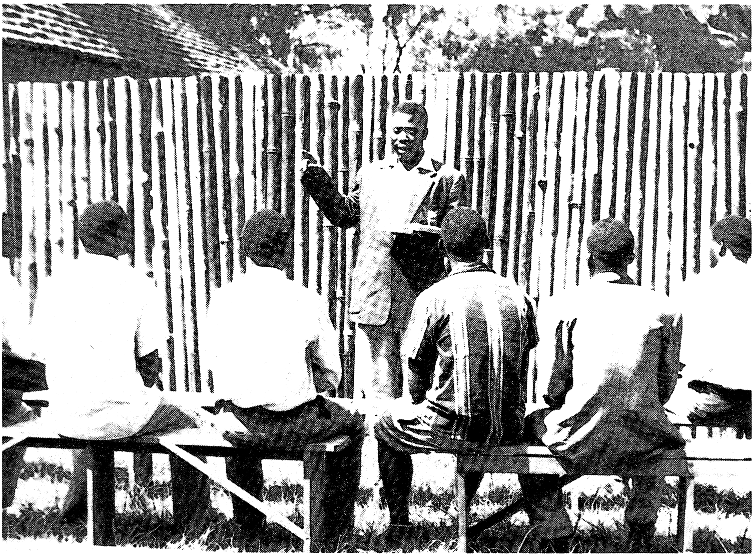
34. Donna's ladies class, 1959, Tanganyika.



35. These four students are all from Nyasaland. The one sitting, Geoffrey, was responsible for the conversion of the other three: Morton, Paswell, and Kondwani. Geoffrey also influenced them to come to the training school here.

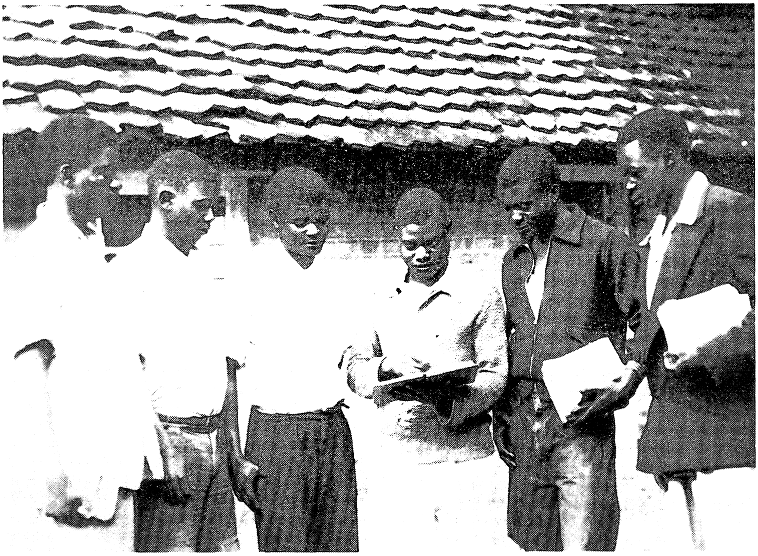
36. Donna's children's class, 1959.





37. Al's homiletics class in which the boys are taught to prepare and deliver sermons. Here Fraston is doing the preaching. On pretty days the class likes to meet outdoors.

38. Donna's weekly Bible class for the wives and children of our students. Now there is another class as well for children only.



39. Al Horne's first year Greek class.

40. Mud brick church building under construction at the distant village of Lulanga, where thirty were recently baptized. It is one of four buildings which were constructed in the past two months in Tanganyika as places of worship.